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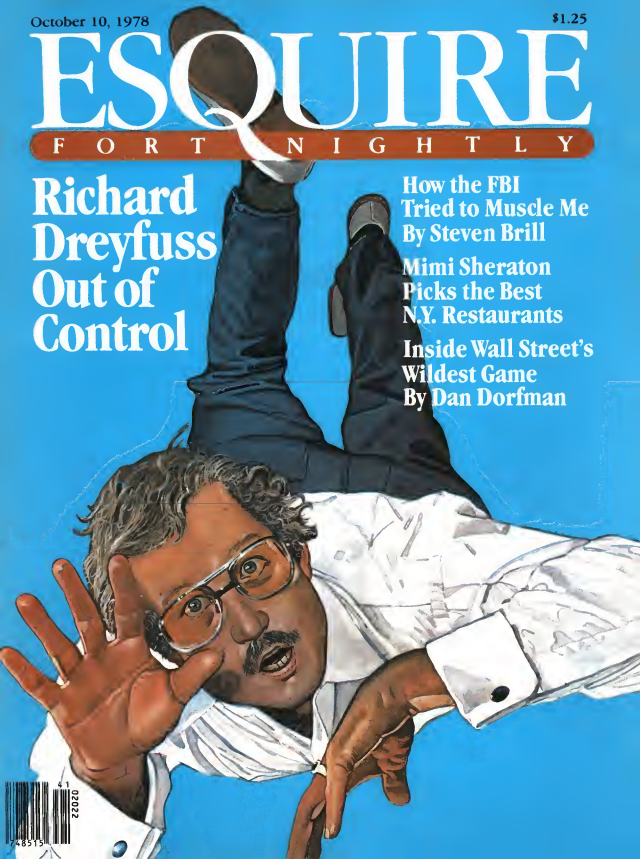
F O R T N I G H T L Y

**Richard
Dreyfuss
Out of
Control**

**How the FBI
Tried to Muscle Me
By Steven Brill**

**Mimi Sheraton
Picks the Best
N.Y. Restaurants**

**Inside Wall Street's
Wildest Game
By Dan Dorfman**



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Gingivitis: 100's 0.6 mg nicotine—180's 1.1 mg; 100's 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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Backstage with Esquire

The Great Awakening



The Reverend Jerry Falwell in the pulpit of his Thomas Road Baptist Church, in Lynchburg, Virginia, spreading the gospel of the Third Great Awakening.

A couple of years ago, Tom Wolfe wrote one of his famous essays on the trend of the future in America called "The Mr. DeLoach." The phrase has now passed into the language and is often used to describe the rising prominence of certain figures. However, Wolfe made another important point in that article that has been widely overlooked. All this matter is a symptom of what American religious fundamentalism is calling one: Third Great Awakening, which refers to a time of growing intense religious concerns. Currently, its most widely contained upon aspect is the "born again" Christian. Another aspect is the rapidly growing prominence of the electronic church, and we have said Reverend Jerry Falwell (who some think will be the next Billy Graham) to focus on the phenomenon. Falwell is a particularly interesting because he's never intentionally popular. If you want to expose a difficult, controversial political message, this raises the question as to whether this can ever be a religious figure who can become elected in America to national political office. The controversial nature of most political positions is that the widespread and deep disappointment with Jimmy Carter has also led to a disillusionment among the electorate with the idea of a spiritual leader in political life. However, it's closer reading matter indicate that it is only with Jimmy Carter himself that people are disillusioned and that a more credible spiritual leader may well

roll up the country's yearning for faith, authority, and hope. One writer has said that the kind of religious awakening America is currently undergoing is "in many ways a revival of the kind of faith we lost faith in ourselves, become confused in our senses, and doubt the authority of our leaders."

It is a renaissance of our culture "during which a whole people struggle to re-impose its religious, hopes, beliefs, and values in order to cope with overwhelming problems." This clearly describes America today. The Reverend Jerry Falwell is one such pushing one set of values. Reverend editor Mary Maguire's report on him begins on page 25.

Another figure symbolic of the current condition in America is Sir Sir Richard Dreyfuss. Where Reverend Falwell's message is based to rural and small-town America, Dreyfuss's roles explore the spirit of the urban intellectual caught up in the turmoil, energy, and anarchy of that milieu. At any given moment, the movie hero's has stars who fulfill the most common images of America's condition. Bart Reynolds, the good-looking, red-necked, Robert Redford, the romantic WASP John Travolta, the raw strength of the blue-collar class, Jimmy Cagney. Paul Muni, and others have believed the role of the urban hero. In his own way, Dreyfuss is a perfect reflection of life today in American cities. —C.R.

Photograph by Katherine Bernheimer

Media

by Richard Reeves

The Iseman Cometh

Fred Iseman planned to take over N.Y.'s papers. So did Rupert Murdoch

Fred Iseman was very clever at Yale. He even put his philosophy into a paper that his friends still report.

"You have to understand that half the world is asleep and you won't disturb them if you sleep over the books."

"You're born with a full address book, and the purpose of life is to clean it up."

When he got out in 1915, he thought he should let the world in on the secrets—free price. He decided to start a magazine called *Moving UP*.

He put together a twenty-two-page prospectus, including a sample mailing to potential subscribers that began:

"There's not enough space at the top for everyone. Join the Movement?"

Each month, the Movement would learn "how to move on but new skills that mean big bucks in the near future."

The prospectus promised to publish with headlines like these: "How to Use a Con-

cession," "How to Clean Your Lungs Without Choking Yourself," "Phenomenon—Winning Without Being There."

Another sample was "The Jack's Ad-venture," advising corporate chieftains to find out their boss's favorite sports and then to learn and/or learn or croquet.

Iseman was looking ahead. Next Year, trying to make \$2 million for *Moving UP*, when he spotted some money at the top, the chance to make big bucks in his new future.

On August 9, *The New York Times*, *New York Daily News*, and *New York Post* were then down by string-gatekeepers (On August 21, a temporary newspaper called *The New York Daily Mirror* hit the streets—900,000 copies at 25 cents apiece, and each named Fred Iseman as president and publisher.

The publisher was quoted extensively in the first issue—put out primarily by striking *New York Times*men being paid

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



360 a day—and the quotes focused on rumors that Rupert Murdoch, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal*, was actually the power behind the *Mirror*. Not so the temporary paper reported.

Mr. Iseman, normally an assistant editor of the top-up side of *The New York Times*, said the bulk of profits from the publication would be contributed to charity.

Mr. Iseman and the *New York Post* had agreed to deliver 150,000 copies of the *Mirror* each day during its home-delivery system.

But Mr. Iseman insisted that there would be no editorial or business control by Murdoch in the daily operation of the paper. "I can't say it more emphatically," Mr. Iseman declared. "This newspaper is mine. It is on its own."

As we shall see, that statement was even emphatic (and caustic) among other things, Iseman was expecting to make \$100,000 a week with clearly toward

same, and Rupert Murdoch could be making \$1,000,000 a week while the *Times* and *Daily News* might be subsidizing the establishment of a nonunion Murdoch morning paper to compete with them. But that is getting very ahead of the story, which should begin with the fact that what twenty-five-year-old Frederick Iseman really was on August 9 was a former replacement at the *Times* news desk who was scheduled to be let go on August 25 after just eight weeks on the *Times*' payroll.

Using his father, Joseph Iseman, a prominent lawyer, as his connection, young Iseman tried to organize a temporary newspaper with the cooperation or backing of Metropolitan News Company, one of the large New York newspaper distributors that desperately needed some kind of product to distribute. One of the difficulties with that arrangement was

that it might cross an interest line because the distributor would be handling both a paper it owned and

that paper's direct competitors, or at least, the one would be a sticky public relations matter.

So Iseman convinced one of the city's best PR men, Howard Robinson,

"You're going to have to know a long time in this town," Robinson said. "You'll be on hand about Metropolitan's campaign."

The only way to handle it is to handle it personally, usually openly. Okay, now pretend this is a press conference. I am a television reporter. Mr. Iseman, what is the relationship between your newspaper and its distributor, Metropolitan News?

"Now you sawner and remember reader, honesty, openness."

Iseman hesitated for a second, then said "No comment."

"No, no, you can't do that," Robinson said. Fred Iseman said he'd make something up. Robinson refused the answer.

Anyway, the Metropolitan News did

fell through, and Iusman began a series of meetings with Rupert Murdoch, who, in addition to running the *Post*, owns two publishers serving the strike: the *Nix* in Park, magazine and *The Village Voice*, and is the president of the New York Publishers Association, which was negotiating with striking unions and was the official spokesman for the *Times*. *Nix* and *Post* were in a state of days. Murdoch and Iusman had worked out a written agreement. The *New York Post* would provide start-up capital for the *Times*. *Nix* and *Post* in the form of about \$100,000 in advance payments for the first week's edition; the *Post* would have an option to purchase the assets of the *Mix* at the conclusion of the strike. The agreement was meant to remain secret—newspaper unions would never have allowed their daily checks were signed by Jeffrey Lewis, assistant treasurer of the *Post*. In fact, it was obvious that a lot of the striking *Times* did not want to know what was going on or whom they were working for. We needed the money and we looked the other way, said one *Mix* editor.

Rupert Murdoch, the Australian who had come to New York five years earlier, had personally owned the news—or at least a million-dollar-a-week's worth of it. His paper, the *Post*, which had been losing a reported \$100,000 a week, was closed down. His profitable competitors, the *Times* and the *Nix*, were doing well. His magazine, *Nix*, had increased its advertising 40 percent in one week, growing by increments as extra \$500,000 or so. His weekly newspaper, *The Village Voice*, was growing an estimated 10 percent. Murdoch was secretly, but he was the only investor in a temporary paper, the *Mix*, with projected profits of \$100,000 a week.

Post-Iusman was getting a share-percentage of *Mix* profits—all of the profits and gross circulation. Actual *Mix* profits were running at an estimated \$30,000 a week early in September.

No one knew about any of this, of course, and *Mix* was an instant nonrecognition editor of the *Times* is created most of the forty editorial on players, assigning each of the strikers that Iusman was telling the truth when he said there was no Murdoch involvement in the strike. Twenty of the editorial staffers decided to go back inside. Most of the strikers were older, men who remembered the 114-day strike of 1902-03, and some were fresh about why they did it one way. I was out of work for almost four months in the big strike and I took me three years to get any fairly out of the hole.

The younger ones took a different view. Iusman had to go for three weeks, and Richard Mervin, a twenty-five-year-old *Times* reporter, "He discovered at all. I'm a reporter, and I pride myself on not being biased. Well, I was taken." *Mix* Dave, who is not young any more, "I thought it and I sold it, and

"We needed the money and we looked the other way," said one *Metro* editor.

Murdoch and Iusman said they were doing the city's red publishers were almost going to have something to give to their home delivery subscribers—and to continue charging those subscribers the usual rate. The Murdoch control rumors did not go on, but the *Mix* staff had of more than one thing like the fact that their daily checks were signed by Jeffrey Lewis, assistant treasurer of the *Post*. In fact, it was obvious that a lot of the striking *Times* did not want to know what was going on or whom they were working for. We needed the money and we looked the other way, said one *Mix* editor.

The dirty little secret might have remained just that except for a *Times* *Nix* columnist named Richard Brann, who had been discussing privately with Iusman for a couple of days before the Murdoch deal. Brann filed a lawsuit in New York Supreme court claiming that Iusman's secret schemes were depriving him of his rightful share of *Mix* profits. The suit apparently prompted Iusman to call a staff meeting on the evening of September 3. "There's something I ought to tell you," he began.

What he had forgotten, he said, was that Murdoch had lost him—in the 1902-03 strike. Murdoch had lost him, he said, in August 24. (The actual amount was approximately \$200,000.) With this fairly easy solution and reporters—most of the staff—walked out. In private, Iusman called his staff, those fired-out and those who had been out on East Forty-Third Street, begging them in public to come back to work. When Rupert Murdoch announced that he would "be ready" by the end of the 114-day strike, he said, "I was told that twenty of the editorial staffers decided to go back inside. Most of the strikers were older, men who remembered the 114-day strike of 1902-03, and some were fresh about why they did it one way. I was out of work for almost four months in the big strike and I took me three years to get any fairly out of the hole."

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the *Mix* is a editor and chief reporter. It was all a lot and I had to go.

Even then, they only knew the half of it. Among the things that Iusman was still forgetting was the mortgage. On August 25, Fred Iusman had signed a financing statement giving the *Nix*. Fred *Post* is then an "all sorts of the dealer" with the dealer was the *Nix* and *Post*, and Murdoch, the dealer, might never have to pay it off with things like options. And on September 5, in connection with the *Times* suit, Iusman filed a deposition stating: "I have no intention of contributing any interest in clearing up the situation." Iusman, going up would keep his money—to invest, he said, and in the depression. Murdoch, the strike spokesman for the *Times* and *Nix*, might just have the option of closing down his living elsewhere. *Post* and going after the meeting dates on the cheap with a newspaper group printed out of town, one with a couple of hundred employees in the city and a printing plant in New Jersey—just like the *Mix*. And if Murdoch's work in gambling, will combine operations, and they are not all to be taken over by Evans. (Evans for more) Calcutta. Murdoch's had a special on rumors of a takeover by Resorts International, the corporate world's hottest money-making machine.

None of these stories, of course, happened to be true. But they in so many ways seemed that the recent shut-run up in the chaos of Wall Street (from about 11 to 17) during which the option market almost went to make its machines. And after the deal, more secret made for Wall Street shareholders. The stock jumped even higher. It's all part of one of the wildest speculative bargains to hit Wall Street in years—gambling money. And like the spinning roulette wheel, where the chips suddenly become cash.

Clearly, the quick behind it all is the phenomenal success of Resorts International, which, as an first three months of operation in Atlantic City, has posted every casino record by taking in \$60 million in gross wins (losing revenues by free expenses and taxes). The casino figures so far, \$200 million in the first year of operation, and such a performance would be setting the tone of the nation's biggest volume problem, come the MGM Grand, which, in all of last year, had a gross win of about \$64 million. There's even talk that Resorts' 1979 gross was could run close to \$500 million. This is even up to, after Resorts completely a planned expansion of the entire.

In reaction to all of this, Resorts' shares, on one night alone, have gone up \$10.40 a share, selling at \$12.20 in 1978, skyrocketed to a new high of \$100. And its Class B shares, also selling at around 2.50 about one year ago, shot up to

Full Disclosure

The Mad Gambling Boom

Have investors gone berserk on a crap shoot? Let's look at all the facts

Have you heard the latest? "Conglomerate buys International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation is declaring to buy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the chief intention: MGM's sugar and growing stake in gambling. Another bid prior of going. Acquisitor who Felix Roberts is working on a merger deal in which Hilton Hotels and Harrah's, two other big names in gambling, will combine operations, and they are not all to be taken over by Evans. (Evans for more) Calcutta. Murdoch's had a special on rumors of a takeover by Resorts International, the corporate world's hottest money-making machine.

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Resorts' new casino, which cost \$20 million to build and cost more to run.

181. In fact, the day I was writing up on this story, Resorts' A shares—would you believe—rose an incredible 13 points at one time during the trading session. And its more volatile B shares, its one very same session, were up on an extraordinary 15 points. So by the time you read this, the prices of the shares could be anywhere.

It's no wonder, then, that a slew of gambling-related companies like Bally Manufacturing, Playboy, Caesar's World, Harrah's, Golden Nugget, Flamingo, and MGM—any of whom are planning Atlantic City casinos—have also gone through the roof on widespread expectations that they too will reap a bonanza from the gambling boom.

Far be it from me to be a lullaby. But before putting your chips down on a gambling stock—especially in these uncertain, choppy times—there are some questions about those notorious slot machines of opening in Atlantic City. Can you be highly upset considering the serious questions about their lack of gambling expertise and their ability to

raise the heavy financing and to get regulatory approval—a strong word of caution, friends. I've done some checking, and there could very well be big disappointments in the way that could have a decidedly nasty effect on the gaming shares. In brief:

• The next critical moment for the gaming industry—and for its stocks—is November 7—the day Florida voters decide whether they want casino gambling in Miami Beach. As we want to guess, the path should be the vote to close it. As it turns out, though, even if the gambling referendum is approved, there are strong signals that it will not. It could effectively block casino gambling for several years. And these factors include the very same, state representative John Ryskind, of Bradenton, Florida, who will head the legislative group writing all new gambling legislation. Ryskind is strongly opposed to casino gambling.

• While some companies have been saying (both publicly and privately) that they expect to open an Atlantic City

Don DeLoe reports on the business and financial side of the Atlantic City

casino next year or in 1980 at the latest—don't put your back on it. Top regulatory people—both in Nevada and in Atlantic City—tell me they don't see a second Atlantic City gaming operation opening before late 1980 or some time in 1981 at the very earliest.

• Though it's widely believed Resorts International will be granted a permanent gambling license in Atlantic City—it's by no means a sure thing—a permanent license—who could be awarded upon in November or December, following the completion of an intensive, ongoing site development study. Resorts—requires the approval of at least four of the five commissioners of the New Jersey State Control Commission. And one of those commissioners, Albert Nickl, of the founding family of Merck & Company, told me the other way. There's no longer any uncertainty now that I will vote for a license for Resorts because they're "gaming the public." Should Merck have voted against casino gambling simply based on vote and be judged by an other objective man as a yes position. Resorts' plans would be taken over by a conservative who, in turn, would be empowered to add and take the proceeds over to Resorts.

Now let's look deeper into these potential time bombs.

The two men who ran Resorts International and Billy—James Crosby and William O'Donnell, respectively—both expect Florida voters to reject casino gambling because, in Crosby's opinion it's "too many times the size of the state." Florida governor Reubin Askew is against it, and you have a strong Baptist population that will oppose it. Adds Crosby: "I believe we'll use a temporary setback for the industry."

But let's say the two men are wrong and Nevada gambling wins in Florida. It still has to be approved—and meaning that the state legislature will have to write statutes and laws governing casino gambling. And that's not about to happen overnight. Congressmen Boyd makes that clear: clearly case. The legislator—who says he opposes casino gambling on the grounds of "a severe detrimental economic effect on the rest of the state (including the multimillion-a-year part-time industry and Disney World), says the writing of any new gambling legislation should take a minimum of a year and possibly two years. And that that time is largely for legislative to voters approval for Senators. Add it all up and it's a Royal's belief that the first Florida casino—even assuming voter approval—will not be open before 1981 or 1982 at the earliest.

It's no secret that a company in the gaming business in Nevada cannot open a casino outside the state without the approval of the Nevada State Gaming Commission. But most Wall Streeters,

"It burns my ass," says a gaming regulator. "Resorts has crossed over from profiting to profiteering."



Money gambling—in it at the state lot?

judging from the rumors in such Nevada hotspots as Caesars World, Golden Nugget, and Continental. Consider all of which are planning to open Atlantic City casinos: see little problem in getting such approval and, in fact, getting it soon. They may be right, of course, but I'm going to say that the kind of gaming commission Harry Reid, doesn't share this opinion. And he's a guy to have a powerful voice in the matter.

If a license was issued for a Nevada operator to open an Atlantic City casino under the present framework, so it is opposed to it, he declared. Reid says it still has to be determined by the casino itself that the gaming firm in Atlantic City are as strong and as properly motivated as they are in Nevada. And he emphasized that a determination would take a very lengthy process of examination. He also stressed that the commission was opposed to temporary licenses, which he characterized as "improper." All things considered, Reid believes it will be late 1980 or some time in 1981 at the very earliest before a Nevada gaming operator will open its doors in Atlantic City.

Just a similar view on coming from Lewis A. New Jersey's commissioner of investigation, whose office is responsible for probing the influence of organized crime in the state. And that means, Kaden tells me, an especially thorough investigation of all applicants for casino licenses. Addressing himself specifically to Billy, Penitence, and Caesar World, Kaden told me: "None of these applicants provides an easy investigation. The regulatory body will be very difficult, very hard to open because each case involves many questions that have to be pursued." Adds Kaden: "I'd be surprised if any of these companies, or anyone else, opens a casino in Atlantic City before late 1980."

If one were to go along with the timetable that Reid and Kaden view as reasonable for additional Atlantic City casinos, the conclusion would have to be quite bullish for Resorts. It would mean a generally longer-than-expected monopoly—provided, of course, a permanent license is approved. Commissioner Merck's angry words make it clear he won't be a pushover.

"What seems my sin," he told me, "is that Resorts has crossed the line between profiting and profiteering. Their main aim has at most tables (blackjack and craps) is \$25. Among the smaller \$1 and \$3 better odds to move into customers he can afford to enjoy the slots and wheels of fortune, where the odds are much more in favor of the house. Resorts are saying we want the affluent, not the average guy on the street. And this is totally contrary to the intent of the gaming act, which is to encourage the largest number of players from all income levels. They're making unacceptably profits, four times those of the average Las Vegas casino—but over any dead body that will continue."

Merck, who's making money for much lower amounts but—which, of course, would reduce Resorts' profits—told me he's also unhappy over the inadequate management and the underfunding of the casino. And he says that "some of the other commissioners share my opinion." He stopped up his comments by warning it would be foolish to assume that a permanent license for Resorts is a foregone conclusion.

Then the same thing from Walter Tinsley, editor of *Rough & Ready*, a widely read gaming newsletter. "Four months ago, I would have told you there was no chance of a turnaround for Resorts—that now it'd be a matter of how long it would last about twenty percent and it was up because of its poor financial controls and deficiencies in casino operations."

Indeed, if there's such a problem, Wall Street either doesn't know about it or doesn't believe it. The tremendous rise in Resorts' shares clearly demonstrates that. And so it seems with every uptick in the stock, up goes Wall Street's buoyant casino optimism. Back in May, just before Resorts' stock opened in Atlantic City, Crosby told me he thought that a Street estimate of \$1.46 a share for 1979—the first full year of operation for the new casino—was a realistic assessment of the company's prospects. Obviously he was playing it safe, since it's widely expected that the big dog should produce 1979 profits of over \$10 million. The company earned 18 cents a share in 1977. For an update, I located Crosby in his new, sparkling pretty good. I met him here in May, too, just two years ago, but roughly 210,000 shares of Resorts' Class A and Class B stock were worth roughly \$420,000. At present time, their current value had skyrocketed to

roughly \$50 million. In fact, while I was doing this story, I had to keep changing the amount of his net worth almost daily. It rose about \$25 million in just about a week.

As though he was reluctant to talk figures Crosby—emphasizing publicly for the first time on next year's prospects—told me he wasn't uncomfortable with Street estimates of \$25 to \$75 a share for 1979. He stressed to add, though, that there was still the uncertainty of how Resorts' Atlantic City casino would fare in the winter months. A period of reduced gaming activity is almost certainly going to happen, and then, of course, control on heavily into the casino's belly, profits, profit margins, which, I'm told, are presently running above 60 percent.

In assessing the future of Resorts, one simply has to look beyond the explosive earnings growth that is likely to occur over the next year or two. Such growth is almost certain to diminish sharply in the face of rapidly rising competition from other Atlantic City casino operators over the next several years. As one leading gaming analyst put it: "What we may be looking at is extraordinary or non-recurring earnings, the kind you get from the sale of some assets, and these kinds of earnings are worth doing little."

His argument is not without merit. So the obvious question is what's Resorts going to do with its sizable cash flow?

With Resorts owning or having options on 27 percent of the commercial area of the boardwalk, as well as extensive other real estate holdings in Atlantic City (estimated by some to be worth in excess of \$150 million), it's obvious that will be a major area of development by the company. Crosby agrees, pointing, among other things, to the prospects of new ventures with other companies. The idea, says he expects Resorts to have a second Atlantic City casino in operation by 1980 at the latest. Aside from gambling, Resorts is looking into the use of having for public his diversification. Crosby says Resorts may acquire or start an air service devoted to private charters. At present, Resorts runs a small airline that operates between Florida and the Bahamas and in one time before Resorts was called Merck's Charter Flight Company) tried unsuccessfully to take over Pan Am. "I'm debating a lot of time to expansion, we're an exciting start," says Crosby.

It's only one of the handful of options for the shares of just about anything is added to gambling, it's reasonable to assume that at least part of it—made from the big numbers at Resorts—reflects a somewhat attitude toward gambling. Both by the local government and by the public. The passage of Proposition 13 clearly signaled the public is fed up with



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Billy O'Donnell in the casino slot

living taxes and is likely to be willing to accept less painful—perhaps even objectionable—methods of tax relief. Accordingly, casino gambling can't help but benefit, and such areas as Miami Beach (either now or later) and New York are logical candidates to take the Atlantic City route. The industry surely seems to be on the rise.

But even gaming experts are quick to point to the danger that Resorts' performance in Atlantic City has raised false expectations. For one thing, it's pointed out that of the 135 casino operations in Nevada that do at least \$1 million in annual revenues—there are 273 casinos all told—the average pretax profit margin last year was 11.5 percent, roughly the same as the Fortune 500. Blatantly a bargain. So Resorts, with its monopoly and its big numbers, is the exception, rather than the rule. And once Resorts' earnings could collapse at any time.

Further, some experts believe that by the time the fourth or fifth casino opens in Atlantic City, New York may already have approved casino gambling on itself. This leads one expert to remark: "All that may be left for the late entrants in Atlantic City will be the leftovers, since New York will gain a serious competitor there. And it'd be hard for him to be the one to put up the financing for the late entrants, especially for the small fry with no gaming experience."

Some analysts feel the same way. Says gaming specialist Harold Vogel of Merrill Lynch: "I'd say war has been won by the fry. They're too dangerous, and there's too big a gap between saying we're going to open and opening and operating profitably."

Vogel wouldn't mention any names, but some savvy Wall Streeters I know regard about the two areas in which non-gaming stocks on Prime Motor list (where a lot of insiders are selling), Norco, CDI Corporation, and American Motor Inns—all on the prospects of their

opening an Atlantic City casino maybe. Said one analyst: "When state returns to the market, these stocks could have no bottom."

Billy Vogel and Lee Inger—a top gaming analyst at the SEC's Atlanta division of Paine Webber—believe the best way to play the gambling phenomenon over the longer run is to put your chips on four companies: MGM, Harrah's, and Bally. However, Inger regards each of them as vulnerable for now. Another Inger favorite: Showboat, which he regards as a take-over candidate.

Speaking of Bally, the nation's largest slot machine maker, it has about 40 percent of the U.S. market. I recently ran into its chairman, William O'Donnell, at a Chinese restaurant in New York, where he was munching on a piece of Peking duck. O'Donnell seemed confident, but it was only the duck that saved it. He owns 971,000 Bally shares, which, as of about two years ago and at a price of around \$15, were worth roughly \$5.5 million. But last Resorts' Bally's shares have shot up to—about 100 at press time, and so, O'Donnell's shares are now worth about \$66 million. No wonder he could afford Peking duck.

Bally was in representation at the time with a \$30-million subordinated convertible debenture offering, so O'Donnell couldn't talk about the company's prospects. I'm told, though, on the very best authority, that Bally's top management—assuming a full year of its Atlantic City casino operation—expects to earn between \$7 and \$8 a share in 1986. The odds, I hear, on the prospects of \$3.50 a share from existing operations at that time and the expectation of at least 25 to 30 cents a share a month from the casino. I'm not about to say no, and it would fool O'Donnell good luck on his goals. But first, let's see if Bally's casino is open a full year in 1989. (Bally earned \$1.61 a share last year, and the recent Street estimate is \$3.45 a share in 1985.)

Where the gambling comes—some call it a madness—goes from here is anybody's guess. But several people I spoke to—among them hard-nosed Stanley Sperlich, the Securities and Exchange Commission's chief—were quick to make the moral issue. "The moral aspects are frightening," Sperlich says. "We have a clash between the state's responsibility to protect the public and our going to bed with the money. Because the state gambling authorities will employ the same questionable techniques now used by organized crime to get people to part with their money. It's an amazing ironic paradox that everybody (like the courts) is trying to take the public's way to solve their financial ills, appealing to the lowest human instincts. It's scary as hell, because you have to wonder where we're going. I ask you: Is legalized prostitution next?" ■

Mmmmmmmmm!



Muscle by the FBI

When you've got what they want, you need all the friends you can get

In the two years that I worked on what is generally known as the "investigative book about the Teamsters union, I was asked dozens of times whether my threats had been made against me.

The answer, until May, had always been that except for some loose talk among lawyers before major suits, I hadn't gotten any specific threats. In May that changed. The first real threat didn't come from the mob. It was from the people we try to protect us from mob suits—the FBI.

On Thursday, April 27, at about eight thirty in the morning, I took a call at the Empire office from Special Agent David of the FBI. "We'd like to talk to you about James Hoffa," he said, "and information you may have about the Hoffa case."

I told him that I really wouldn't have anything to say until I could consult with my lawyer.

David persisted: "Can we just come over to talk? I promise it won't take long. And it may be urgent." Please.

I said okay. I tried to reach Floyd Abrams, a top Ford Administration lawyer who had been offering me an liberal conscience column to the book. The search in his office yet but had already left his apartment.

A half hour later, two agents, David and another man named Belkovic, sat around my desk. Their dress and self-conscious looked more down than from the few serious early leads already in place at nearby desks in the city-roomlike editorial offices.

"We have reliable information," David began, in a low, soft tone, "that you have these items that may be of interest to us. First, we are told that you have in your possession some memos and other documents that belong to the FBI at the Justice Department, having to do with the Hoffa case. This is a crime, because a crime has been committed because these documents are not supposed to be looked to members of the public. He paused. I said nothing.

"Second," he continued, "we are told

Contributing editor Steven Brill writes a regular column on law and lawyers. He's now doing *The Teamsters*, to be published this month by Simon & Schuster.



that you have a draft of a leaked indictment that has been prepared by the Justice Department charging certain individuals with the murder of James Hoffa." He paused again. I was tempted to ask him to repeat that I knew from reliable government sources that no such indictment existed, and if James didn't exist, then David also had to know. Still, I said nothing.

"Then, we have been told that you have in your possession a tape recorded confession from someone who was involved in the Hoffa murder." He stopped waiting for a response.

As I told you, I began, "I haven't consulted with my lawyer. So I just can't say to comment at all on anything you've said."

I could have easily told them that I didn't have any kind of tape-recorded confession or sealed information. But to do that would have, by omission, been admitting that I had the first item—government documents—which I did.

"Well, you will admit that you've talked to [redacted] in federal offices in Detroit, won't you?" David asked.

"I'm just not going to comment at all on anything."

Finally, Belkovic, who had remained quiet stood up. "Listen, will you do us a favor? Get in touch with your lawyer as soon as you can, and then give us a call, so that we can get to you. You see, we are told as what you're gonna do. You see, this is urgent. You know, you may be in

danger if people on the street think you have some of these materials like a taped confession. We want to protect you."

I thanked them. We shook hands, and they left. But some people on the street really think I was talking with a taped confession in the Hoffa case or that I was claiming to have one.

When I reached Abrams, he said he would be out of town until the end of the week. So we'd get together the next Friday at Saturday and discuss how we'd respond to the FBI. I told Abrams that I was convinced the FBI was simply trying to find out what was on the book so they wouldn't be caught by surprise if I had some information they didn't have.

Monday afternoon, while working at home on a column, I called into the office for messages. One was from Special Agent Belkovic. When I dialed his number, as an afterthought, I checked into my desk for a padlock that allows me to record phone calls. In the past, I've only used it when I've told the other person beforehand, such as when I'm conducting an on-the-record interview. This time, I didn't tell Belkovic. That's not illegal, since one of the purposes to the conversation—the one I'm consenting to the recording.

Belkovic asked if I had had a chance to do any things with my lawyer. I told him I hadn't. That asked him to go over exactly what it was the FBI wanted to know. He repeated the three items. I told him I wouldn't comment, and that I just didn't expect to talk to my lawyer and the end of the work and we hoped to be back to him by then or the beginning of the next week at the latest. Then he said goodbye.

"Let me just say what basically we're gonna have to do," he began. "I was hoping that you'd hear from you by Friday."

We have to resolve this thing one way or the other. We can't just wait at other work and then, who knows another week. If it is true, we've got to do something about it. So what we're gonna have to do is verify it in another manner."

"Which means what?" I asked. New came the threat.

All I can tell you is we will verify the information that we have. And if it means

telling to people that you have dealt with to get this information, we're gonna do it. And if it is not gonna mistake a lot of money on the phone."

I just don't know who you could mean.

Well, I can give you initials of one person: Billowitz was arrested—and which point he provided the immediate situation of a gangster who had been involved in the Hoffa murder.

Not was right. I got to do it all sorts and all. All signs of the Yale law-trained reporter now vanished. I giggled. I wanted. I was shocked. After the first giggle, I told Belkovic that "we definitely should have a talk."

He seemed that he had scared and decided to drive it home. "That's gonna be the first person we're gonna talk to. And we don't want to talk to him because I don't know what it's gonna do to you or your position. I really don't."

I spent the last few minutes of the conversation trying to buy time. I ended with him agreeing not to contact his gangster friend until I called him by night the next morning.

The FBI's making an undercover officer involved in the murder, what he knew about the taped confession I had in the Hoffa case would only up him off wrongly that I had such a confession. It was clear, as Belkovic had put it, where that could do to me and my position. For the first time since starting the book, I

The agent was going to talk to the mob about me, "and I don't know what it's gonna do to you or your position."

was genuinely scared. I was regretting having done the book. Perhaps Billowitz was gonna talk to his guy this afternoon anyway, or, maybe, even if I told him the next morning what I had or didn't have, he'd talk to him anyway.

Abrams was unmovable, insisting a Assistant at Yale Law School. I drafted one to want to talk to him. I dialed Robert Fiske, the United States attorney for the southern district of New York. As the local federal prosecutor, Fiske is the Justice Department's man in New York, and the FBI in that district is an arm of the Justice Department. I would be able to get him on the phone. I knew him from other stories I had written.

I told Fiske about the conversation. (This call was not taped. If we were from memory and to the exact notes here.) He expressed some serious reservations about wanting to interfere in FBI investigative activities. He also said he

doubted that the FBI would threaten me, that I must have misunderstood. "But," I said, "you don't have to believe me or take my interpretation. I repeat the circumstances." I also explained that Floyd Abrams would be acting in my interest in point that seemed to register nearly as well as the substance of the tape and that all I wanted him to do was to be able to discuss all this with Abrams was to call Belkovic a supervisor and make sure that the Hoffa case was not any more "on the streets" wasn't asked any questions about what I had or didn't have. He assured me he'd make the call.

Abrams called from New Haven. Although he was leaving for California the next morning and wouldn't be back until Friday, when I told him what had happened, he said he'd meet me at about nine that night when he got off the train from New Haven. My next day, we had commiserated a conference room in the library of the Yale Club, across from Grand Central Station. I played my tape.

Abrams, in short-sleeved, pinstriped floor. When he heard the "what this will do to you and your position" line and the "that's the first person we've gonna talk to" promise, he looked up, shook his head and muttered, "That's hard to believe."

We agreed, however, that the tape was our trump card. The tape was indeed a good one, such that we were sure Fiske would make the FBI back off.

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The problem was, I told Abrams that we couldn't be sure that the agents wouldn't still talk to that source or other underworld sources about me.

The next morning I called Bilfante's supervisor, just to be sure he had gotten Fiora's message. His men were on hold he said. But he also confirmed—this time by name, not initials—that they attended, on his instructions, to talk to the mobsters if they couldn't get my cooperation. It was then—when I saw the threat wasn't just from one unguided agent—that I decided to write about the incident some day.

The next day Abrams and Pike agreed to meet with me the following Monday. The agents would be kept on hold until then. Abrams was assured.

The next morning Pike and I jumped into each other getting off a plane in Washington. We were both booked for the Justice Department, and we shared a cab. Except for his assurance that he didn't think I was in any danger, we didn't discuss my case.

Nat and I discuss my case to the Justice Department, where I was receiving word of the progress of an article on Attorney General Griffin Bell.

That Monday afternoon, as Abrams and I sat in an elevator from his first to his second, reception area of the office, a young assistant U.S. attorney walked by. Stopping to say hello to Abrams, who knew him and had stood up to greet him, he looked down at me and whispered to Abrams, "Are you here on a criminal matter?" I left in the elevator as I went the wrong floor.

We were referred into the office of Pike's executive assistant, Barry Knapton (who has since gone into private industry). Pike had indicated that he was the whole story first before he decided what to do.

I told him what had happened—and explained that I had the tape to prove it. Abrams, who has been the notes when he had listened to the tape, repeated the most important lines to Knapton. Then, he explained what kind of a First Amendment and due process violation this was. Even if I was innocent of the most court decisions, there are some commissioners under which reporters have to testify before grand juries; the government has to make some showing of need first. And, most important, the whole process is supposed to come through a series of legal moves supervised by a court, with reporters having the opportunity to contest the request. "If the government wants one of these searches," I remember Abrams saying, "then they should subpoena it. It's a court to look right in." Instead, these FBI agents were short-circuiting that whole process, going on a fishing expedition for information they weren't even sure existed (and in the case of the "sealed indictment," that they

What kind of control does the FBI have over the way it interrogates reporters and citizens?



had to know didn't exist) and using threats of physical violence to control me. Knapton asked me to send him the tape the next morning so he could listen to it. Then he'd discuss the matter with Pike and the FBI and get back to us next week. Meanwhile, the FBI would remain on hold.

A few days later Knapton told Abrams by phone that the FBI didn't feel they had threatened me, although he personally could see how I might have taken it that way, and that they were holding firm on their request to question me. When their way was I could talk to them a little bit to end the matter? he asked.

When Abrams relayed the message to me, I stressed that the problem was that I could answer the questions about whether I had the taped confession and the indictment, but that the government's documents question would put the FBI to what I was on to in my book: would they sources and was just plain irrelevant to any real law-enforcement need they had. Moreover, how could I be sure that if I denied that I had a tape, they wouldn't go ask underworld people any way? Besides, the whole process of submitting to their questions before the book came out was like a newspaper reporter being forced to talk to the police before he brings a major news scoop involving a crime. I didn't want to do it and certainly didn't think they should be able to threaten me into doing it.

We toyed with the idea of appealing to the Attorney General at the FBI director but then decided on a last drastic step that might end the whole thing quickly.

I called Knapton. The real danger to

me, I told him, was that because of the FBI asking to mob operatives, the underworld might think I had a confession that I didn't have. So, I said, if I denied that my only chance to defend those names, if the FBI persisted, was to get this entire episode—Bilfante's tape-recorded threat and all—out into the headlines along with my vow that I didn't have such a tape. "You mean you'd go to the press?" Knapton said. "Barry," I responded, "I am the press, and the FBI came to me." Knapton said he'd talk more to the FBI, then to Abrams.

Within a few days Abrams had now in agreement from Knapton and Pike in return for my assuring Pike—officially, that I had no rack tape-recorded confession, the FBI would not question anyone, including the Hoffa suspect, about the supposed confession or anything else having to do with my work. Also, I would not be asked to consent in any way to any government documents I had or didn't have, and the government would drop its interest in that. As for the newspaper's sealed indictment, Knapton had agreed all along that the questions were ahead and it was dropped. Although I hadn't promised as a result not to "go to the press" with the episode, now I had no incentive to, so the contrary to do so would violate the question of the supposed confession rather than answer a rumor that had already been made. (Now that the book has been published, this isn't a concern because it's clear from the book that I had no involvement in the Hoffa murder but no such confession.)

What if I didn't had access to the U.S. attorney? What if the U.S. attorney and his executive assistant weren't well-motivated officials willing to stick their necks out and sacrifice to an FBI commissioner? What if I didn't have access to a heavyweight lawyer who could encourage them in that decision?

Which in turn raises the second question of what guidelines FBI agents are under when seeking information from a reporter, or, for that matter, from any citizen. Official Justice Department guidelines require the personal approval of the Attorney General before a reporter can be subpoenaed. What about it, then, before he can be questioned in this way? And what kind of control does the FBI have on how it interrogates any citizen so that threats are made that short-circuit the legal process? With all the post-9/11 investigations, reform and congressional oversight of the FBI, is it how the Bureau agents are conducting themselves across the country?

Remember, this was not the Farber case or a grand jury testimony case. I was not making myself up as a reporter, whether right or wrongly, refused to cooperate with the authorities. I didn't had the choice to much that decision before I had been threatened.

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ESQUIRE



The Next Billy Graham

The name is Jerry Falwell.

He may be the first preacher to become a political leader

by Mary Murphy

Jerry Falwell is forty-five, his hair is graying, his manner is rigid, and his face is stern. He is sitting very still in his office. Outside, it is a sweltering summer day, but here the lights are dim, the temperature is pleasantly cool. Next to him is a huge photograph of his family and a map of the United States dotted with tiny red-and-yellow flags signifying the number of cities he has captured for Jesus Christ. He looks across the room at me without a hint of expression. The only thing he seems to notice is the tape recorder. His eyes, like his office, are cold. His legs are spread slightly apart, his hands, locked firmly onto the arms of a high-backed chair. He reminds me of the statue of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, D.C. He speaks into the tape recorder: "God wants Christians to be women."

The next day, Jerry Falwell is standing in front of 3,500 people at the Thomas Road Baptist Church. His doublet coat sways in his vest pockets. His wife, Macie, is at the piano playing, "I Just Love Loving the Lord." He looks out at the standing-room-only crowd, but his attention is focused on four television cameras. In the glare of TV lights, his eyes are glowing.

"In Hong Kong this week, we saved fifteen thousand souls," he tells the church and the more than fifteen million people

watching him on television. "In California, there is a moral revolution going on. They reduced property taxes, and I suggest they start by immediately cutting the welfare rolls. This country is ready for a moral revolution. This country is fed up with medical crises, fed up with the status movement, fed up with the departure from basics, from decency, from the philosophy of the monogamous house."

The words are fiery, but the delivery is cool and controlled. Jerry Falwell does not rant. In his three-piece doublet suit, bowled by a chestnut group that looks like mass-produced Stans and Elpidio dolls, Brother Jerry is preaching Baptist religion and denouncing right-wing politics in a nonboasting way. He is giving middle-class Americans what they want—simple answers—without bothering them with what they find distasteful—GIs and leprosy, racism and twinning, too much emotion.

But like any master showman, Jerry Falwell has a perfect sense of timing. And when the twining is right, he lights up.

"I say to you that you can stop the moral landslide if you write the Lord Jesus into your hearts. . . . I say that we can turn back the tide of satanic ethics. With your eyes closed and your heads bowed, how many of you can say, 'Brother Jerry, I am saved.' Raise your hands. God bless you. . . . How many are not cleansed with Jesus' blood? Raise your hands. God bless you."

"I want all who have raised their hands to come forward. Don't be afraid. Come forward. Don't be afraid. Come forward."

Mary Murphy is a senior editor of Esquire magazine.

Photographs by Marianne Barak

OCTOBER 10, 1978/ESQUIRE 25

In a time of disorientation and doubt, Americans are looking for new values. They are turning in ever larger numbers to religion. More than a third of the population claims to have been reborn. The evangelical leaders like Jerry Falwell are symptoms of the national anxiety and lack of direction. They are a force that fills a vacuum.

... Come. Whatever your problems, we have trained counselors to help. *Prayer Jesus, Prayer Jesus, Prayer Jesus.* As he makes the fundamentalist sermon, the faithful make their way to the front of the church. The separation is hypnotic. The organ music swirls.

Brother Jerry, a bootlegger's grandson who charmed and worked and prayed his way to the head of a multimillion-dollar ministry, is preparing to have enormous impact on the American public through his mass communications. He can be heard daily on 275 radio stations and seen weekly on 110 television stations across the United States. Already he reaches approximately three million homes. Soon, he expects the number of his radio outlets to jump to 1,000 and his impact through television to increase when he moves out fourth of his broadcasts of the *Old Time Gospel Hour* into prime time. By 1983, he hopes to be as powerful as any of the top producers and packages of commercial television. His plans include the programming of nightly variety shows, situation comedies, pastoral counseling, Bible studies, and a nightly family talk show to air five nights a week opposite *Jack Carson*.

He intends to carry out this master plan by bending the world's attention to God's will from his headquarters, Lynchburg, Virginia, where he is building a media empire on a lush 3,200-acre mountain top. Here, construction of a \$4-million radio and television center will begin this year. Here, 2,250 students at the Liberty Baptist College, which Falwell founded in 1971, are being trained in evangelism, liberal arts, and sophisticated broadcasting techniques. Like the early apostles, the students will then be dispatched to spread the word around the world.

In the next few years, Falwell says, "we will have started at least five thousand new churches, schools, and local radio and television programs."

Evangelists were aware of the power of mass communications long before Falwell emerged as a prophet of the awesomes. It was, in fact, through Dr. Charles E. Fuller, one of the pioneers of radio evangelism, that Jerry Falwell found Jesus Christ.

Every Sunday morning, young Jerry, his two brothers, Eugene and his father, Corey, were forced to listen to *Old-Fashioned Revival Hour*. "My mother knew we were too lazy to get out of bed and turn on the radio," Falwell said, and so he listened for years. He listened and he had, "beginning to drop at one forkspoon," that he decided at the age of eighteen to attend church for the first time in his life. On a cold January night in 1953, he pulled his blue Plymouth sedan into the parking lot of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. He was accompanied by his last friend and drinking buddy, Jim Moon. The sermon that night was on *Self and the Second Coming*. Falwell found Moon as he found him. Falwell was moved by the preacher's style; it reminded him of Fuller's. He was impressed by the passion, as a black dog is with white trimming. Her name was Marcel Proust.

A half hour later, Jerry Falwell had left the altar by an older member of the congregation. He made a profession of faith. Six years after that, he married Marcel Proust and asked her to play the piano for his own church. He has never forgotten the power of the media in his conversion. "If there had not been a media ministry," he says, "I probably wouldn't be a Christian now. And if he hadn't become a Christian, he certainly wouldn't

have become a media celebrity. Before Christ came to him, he was an honor student and a high school football hero. His interests were sports, physics, and engineering.

Falwell's life changed drastically after his conversion. He turned down an offer to play baseball with the St. Louis Cardinals. He gave up drinking—"which I never did to excess"—dancing, dating, movies, and most of his friends. "The lady with whom I associated wasn't willing to follow me," he says. "I wasn't willing to follow her."

When he confided in his college physics teacher that he was considering a career in the ministry, she warned him to reconsider. "You'll grow out of it," she said. But at the end of his sophomore year, Falwell quit Lynchburg College. In the fall he enrolled in the Baptist Bible College, in Springfield, Missouri, and through the next three cold Missouri winters he set out to make up for lost time. He studied from five to the morning and well after his classmates had gone to bed or into his head dropped over his little at the desk. "He always worked harder than the rest of us," said Jim Moon, who followed his friend to the altar and then into the ministry. "He was always more disciplined than I was."

In his second year, he was part of a change of a Sunday school class that continued only one student. He was frustrated, but he felt his efforts had gone unrewarded. He asked to discontinue the class. When the superintendent told Falwell that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread of life, he went from door to door in Springfield, discussing his plans for his class. It had been a test, and Falwell passed it by filling the class with fifty-six students in nine months—in the same way he would later fill the pews of the Thomas Road Baptist Church, through ambulation, talent, drive, and door-to-door pleading.

In 1954, in the age of McCarthy, when the ex-football hero returned to Lynchburg as a vindictive force of his Bible college preaching class. A week later he was approached by thirty-five people who wanted to start a new church on the west side of town. Their resources totaled \$1,800. Falwell found a thirty-by-fifty-foot one room building on Thomas Road, formerly owned by the Donald Duck Building Company. He called it the Thomas Road Baptist Church. "It was no dairy," he remembers. "That when people tried to walk across the mirrored Coke tray on the floor, their shoes stuck." As a reminder of those winter times, the mint who now makes \$16,000 a year lives in an \$80,000 "penthouse" has an office a block off Killebrew with Donald Duck pop bottles.

The Unstoppable Drive

What a year it was. Falwell was unstoppable. He functioned as pastor, carpenter, pastor, and fund raiser. He convinced the owner of the bottling company building to finance his purchase of the property. It was his first attempt at fund raising. "He is still the best fund raiser I have ever known," says Moon. Then Falwell set out to make his mark on the community, where the members of his family had gained recognition in the construction and restaurant businesses. He bought a ring of the city, put a pin into the size of the bottling company, then marked off the city in several zones around it. He set up a Koloden (the construction) market and addresses he had acquired from the city director and began an aggressive campaign of door-to-door evangelism.

Left: Jerry Falwell in a typical pulpit pose. (Photo by the author)

Photograph on opposite page by Vanessa Seward

OCTOBER 1978/SQUARE 27

The corporate man: Falwell's growing institutions take in over \$32.5 million annually.



Falwell, in dark suit, center, and associates prepare to move in a church-owned jet on one of many fund-raising stunts.



Falwell conducts a fundraising meeting at his law and fund-raising projects with a group of the church's special advisers.



Falwell (left) is the guest in the air of the new building for the Liberty Baptist Church, where evangelical students train.

At the same time, he began a half-hour radio program. A year later the Thomas Road Baptist Church had 84 regular attendees. It was the second largest congregation in the city. Jerry Falwell was the hottest preacher in town. Today, in a town of 125 churches, more than one-fourth of the population of Lynchburg belongs to the congregation. The Thomas Road Baptist Church is the second-largest church in the United States.

Considering that most churches of the established denominations—Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist—revenue from \$20 to \$40 million a year from local congregations, Falwell's operation did not begin to match his competitors until 1971, when his revenues reached one million dollars a year. By 1975, he was bringing in one million dollars a month. This year, church revenues total \$32.5 million. The day I went to Falwell's countryhouse, I watched a crew of robots. Churchgoers are letters with the speed and efficiency of assembly line workers. They pulled checks from mailbags in sums as large as \$500 and as small as \$14. The day's total was \$39,000. The week's take was \$1.2 million.

Nearly four percent of all Americans believe in God, according to a poll taken by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. Church attendance in the United States is higher than in any other modern industrial nation—40 percent. A Gallup poll found that 34 percent of all Americans say they have been born again. God and religion are in the headlines. Like slavery, racism, drugs, and the fundamentalism is moving out of the South and into the mainstream of America. Like Martin Luther King led the way. He took the Baptist religion out of the churches in Montgomery, marched it into the streets, and found it also controversial and legitimate, spawning a whole generation of young preachers, such as Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson. Jimmy Carter has often and often without King's efforts, he would never have been able to capture the presidency.

Carter, in fact, may have given us a clue about what is so comic. His candidacy showed that Americans are prepared to respond positively to a man who professes personal spiritual regeneration, who embodies what the public wishes to be the simpler moral values of simpler times. We are apparently living in a period of religious awakening, a time, as described by William G. McGlothlin, a history professor at Brown, during which a whole people struggles to reassert its faith, hopes, beliefs, and values in order to cope with overwhelming problems that plague them. Such a time is McGlothlin continues, a crisis in cultural legitimacy—our time when we live both as ourselves, become confused in our actions and doubt the authority of our leaders. "Although Carter himself is hardly a spiritual leader, he may have contained the work. King began the creation of a church in which a man of the church can become an off-the-shelf American political leader.

These days religion moves as well as business as it does with politics. The evangelical movement, or "The Moral Church" in the *Wall Street Journal* called it recently, gathers its thousands of jobs and brings in a national cash flow of hundreds of millions of dollars. The evangelical related products, such as magazines, VHSs, bumper stickers, and religious records, represent an estimated \$2-billion industry in this country and Canada. More than 1,000 evangelical bookstores are now open for business, and the number is growing. About \$300 million was spent for religious bookstores in commercial stations last year, five times the amount in 1972. And evangelical churches average audience of 125 million a week on radio and another 14 million on TV. A total of twenty-five TV stations and 1,200 radio stations are entirely devoted to religious programming. And the member ministries include 10 of the thousands of national and national religious broadcasters, a handful of preachers dominate the field, reportedly bringing in more than a quarter of a billion dollars a year. They are Pat Robertson, Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard, Herbert W. Armstrong (until recently), his son, Garner Ted, Am Bakken, Robert Schuller, and Billy Graham. "Each of these high-powered preachers controls a

difficult blend of worldly and evangelizing will begin. The one of them is doing it more successfully than the other," concludes the *Wall Street Journal*. "Just Jerry Falwell. His *Old-Father Gospel Hour* is probably the fastest-growing of any of the big-name religious shows. Giving further impetus to Falwell's prominence is the fact that TV evangelists are increasingly reaching a younger audience. And younger people are more likely to take to his property like Jerry Falwell than, say, the established superstars of TV evangelism, Billy Graham, who takes away a November and who is strongly identified with the presidency of Richard Nixon.

A man who knows both Graham and Falwell intimately is Jerry Strober. He has written two books about Graham and is currently working on a biography of Falwell. "Jerry will replace Billy Graham as the leading proponent of evangelism at the United States," Strober said. "He is less emotional than either Billy or Oral Roberts. He is freer, more, and much less divisive. It's not so much what he says as how he says it that makes people respond to him. He is not charismatic. He is probably the only religious leader I know who could run for political office, any office, and win."

Ever since I have known him, Jerry has been a fierce competitor. Jim Moore said one day, sitting in his office at the Thomas Road Baptist Church, where he is other minister pastor. "He has always fought to win, and he won at whatever he does. It is like the cream rising to the top." Moore pointed for a moment, then added with his reverence reverend over—nothing is too challenging for him. Nothing is ever too good or too expensive. He cannot out-wit him in a people, now we have become so much, and in the next twenty years we expect to have fifty thousand students in our schools, and that will be all right with him. His vision has always been to preach to the world. And the way things are going, I don't think that is out of the question—ground fulfilled.

Jerry Falwell is sensitive about schemes that we too fast. In 1971, as an effort to raise funds for the Liberty Baptist College and to expand his radio and TV programs into a national ministry, the Thomas Road Baptist Church sold 56 6-inch by 8-inch books to police and church members. Twenty months after the book sales began, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) charged the church with "fraud and deceit." Furthermore, the SEC charged that the church was negligent and reckless in its dealings.

At the time, Falwell told the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* that he did not prepare a preliminary prospectus for the sale of the books because he didn't know such a document was needed. He was publicly angry. He charged that unfavorable publicity would "tarnish the reputation and the Christian testimony" of his church, impact its cash flow, and the paper could not be so "misleading" or "misleading" every statement they put in and meet our obligations.

Now he says that the SEC was out to get him.



The church's nontheatrical is Lynchburg, where workers live in charity that often total a million dollars per week.

We are taking in Falwell's Cherry station room, engaged with a mobile phone, and we are heading for a quiet restaurant out of town when I ask him about the SEC scandal. This new lightness, his voice goes louder, but he doesn't point. "None of our people objected to the books," he says. "In fact, the SEC could not find one person to back up that charge. My wife is federal court in five years in five years to pay off the books in full, and we paid them off, interest and principal, within four years."

We arrive at the restaurant. He orders salad and coffee. He hands us a few of his follow-up, and continues. "I was forced to look for future Christmas businessmen to assist me in strengthening our finances. They helped me employ the necessary management controls. So my view is that without the SEC investigation, in which we were cleared of all fraud, we could never be where we are today. I believe God moved a far beyond."

I asked Falwell if the investigation ever made him doubt the faith of his ministry or his reputation as a businessman. He gave me a different answer from the one he gave the *Richmond paper* at the time. "Not for one moment," he snapped.

Later that day, William McKinnon, the lawyer who was consulted by the *Washington Post* when the church was forced to employ, and that Falwell's problems were merely due to his client to expand his radio and television empire, told me.

"I doubt my fraudulent intent on Falwell's part," he said. "Profoundly Jerry Falwell may not be, but it is rumored in Lynchburg that Falwell's debt is paid off by members of his congregation who mortgaged their houses for the purpose. 'Legally, it's fine,' said one resident, 'but morally, I'm not so sure.'"

A Harsh Puritanism

It is 6:00 a.m. Brother Jerry is sitting at the end of a long conference table, reading aloud from John, chapter 1. He is holding a paper, looking for his staff, part of the stable of more than 800 chorale chorists who work for him. Like Falwell, all the women in the room have "Jesus Hair," pins in their heads. The women look like members of the state family. Medium height, brown hair, thin, deep-blue eye shadow, and pure-white skin that has never been shaded from the effects of alcohol. They are joined in sweet and kind.

In that community, a woman wears dresses two inches below her knees. For modesty. "Here, smoking, drinking, and dancing are forbidden. Single dating is banned until senior year in college. Going to the movies is taboo. So is rock 'n' roll. Sex is a religious program such as *Charity's Advice*," Falwell says, but I couldn't tell Jerry.

Before I interviewed Falwell, the phone rang at my hotel. "Please wait a minute to Jerry," I was told.

"Developing Christian character is our main purpose," Falwell told me during the interview. "We take our students from kindergarten through college, so we can shape them. We find that when they grow up the way they do, they are ready. We train them a little like parents in home. We teach them discipline and submission to authority. We teach them that they will never learn how to be good leaders until they learn to be good followers."

Admired Son Myung Moon," he said, "is like the plague, he exploits boys and girls and should be reported. People like Moon and the boxer people, the Elmer Galt 1960s, are religious phonies who are raping America. They will stand before God and account to him for their crimes on earth."

If Falwell Falwell's office that day, headed for the church's ladies' room, and it is a giant. I wondered how Falwell kept the lid

**The religious man:
Falwell's church is
the second largest
in the U.S. He
reaches 15 million.**



Preaching the old-time gospel message, Falwell speaks at a big community Baptist church in a neighboring town.



Falwell visits the church's Bible school. "We take our students from kindergarten through college," he often points out.



Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, where the Old-Time Gospel Hour is taped, reaches three million homes.

on how he presented a student uprising: I would not say if Jerry Falwell, like Moscoso, could make the most fire on tape.

It is a typical Sunday morning at the Thomas Road Baptist Church. The parking lot is filled with four-wheel and motor homes and Cadillacs. In the lobby, hundreds of visitors are lined up at the registration desk, where they are asked to fill out identification cards, which will be sent to the counterpane and filed into a computer memory bank. Falwell's television show, the *Old-Time Gospel Hour*, will be taped this morning. While the faithful buy books and Bibles, which are on sale in the lobby, Falwell is at the barber shop having his hair washed, razor cut, blow-dry, and sprayed. At 10:30 A.M., a bullhorn booms at times, he is standing before the altar raising money.

He needs money to finance four schools. "For anyone who wants to underwrite one of our programs for \$100, we have five Bibles in the lobby." The Treasure Island Summer Camp. The Bible Club Ministry. . . . Dan Ministry. . . . Media Ministry, which takes a hefty \$15.5 million out of the church's total revenues. . . . Youth Ministry. . . . and the missionary singing groups who are traveling in Australia, Korea, and Japan. "And while you are filling out these pledge cards," Falwell says, "don't forget to ask God for \$4 million for our building fund every time you pray. . . ." As the faithful reach for their pens, the lights for the broadcast go on. It is only 10:05 in the air time.

The Electronic Ministry

In the control room, a crew of professionally trained technicians moves into action, flipping dials, adjusting headsets, scanning monitors. "We've got problems, guys," says the director. "Camera number one can't hear me, and camera number four is turning up the picture. Before the post-act is, let us pray." He bows his head. "Our heavenly Father, we thank You for the medium of television. We pray for the technical aspects of this program so we can produce a show worthy of Your son, Jesus Christ." He looks up, cues the technician to his left, and says, "Camera number two ready to pan. . . . roll tape."

From the pulpit, Falwell launches an attack on abortion, homosexuality, and pornography. He calls it the Clean Up America Campaign. "Homosexuality is a perversion, not an alternative life-style. . . . Abortion on demand is legalized murder. . . . Pornography, particularly in television and literature, is brainwashing the American people into accepting as normal what is abnormal."

Falwell's organization has drawn up a questionnaire asking people's opinions on abortion, homosexuality, and pornography. Fifty million ballots have been mailed to homes and have appeared in advertisements in magazines as diverse as the *National Enquirer* and *TV Guide* and in all major newspapers. By the November, they will be cataloged and computerized, and the results will be sent to the Supreme Court, Congress, legislatures in all fifty states, and the mayor of every major city. Falwell plans to deliver his findings personally to Jimmy Carter. "I expect," he says, "that ninety percent of the people will vote no."

A year ago, a local paper reported that with Anita Bryant at his side at the altar, Jerry Falwell called for a return to the "McCarthy era, where we register all Communists." He went even further, suggesting not only that we should register all Communists "but we should stamp it on their foreheads and send them back to Russia." He also let hard in any attempt by the American government to normalize relations with "that monster Castro in Cuba."

This morning he compliments LeVine: "If a man also be with a man as he hath with a woman, both of them have surely committed an abomination, and they shall surely be put to death. Their blood shall be upon them."

At the end of the service, Jacked Falwell where he drives the

The 3000 mile "Guess what?" call. 21¢ (plus tax).



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CT	16¢	MD	16¢	NH	16¢	ND	16¢	WY	21¢
DE	16¢	ME	16¢	NJ	16¢	OK	16¢	UT	21¢
FL	16¢	NY	16¢	PA	16¢	OR	21¢	VZ	21¢
GA	16¢	RI	16¢	SD	16¢	WA	21¢	WA	21¢
HI	21¢	TN	16¢	TX	16¢	WI	16¢	WI	16¢
IL	16¢	VT	16¢	VA	16¢	WV	16¢	WV	16¢
IN	16¢	WY	21¢	WY	21¢	WY	21¢	WY	21¢

Bell System

Falwell believes we should register all Communists — "We should stamp it on their foreheads."



me I think it's better to stay out of that seems to do God's will." Do you talk to God?
"Daily."
Does he talk to you?
"Daily."
Can you hear him?
"Daily."
His voice?
"No. But I know that right now. He's here with me."
The next day I went to a Roman Catholic church in Lynchburg to ask people what they thought of their home-grown prophet.

has between politics and morality.

"I stay totally on spiritual issues," he said. "I don't talk politics."

I asked him his definition of a political issue.

"The Panama Canal," he said, "is political. The Equal Rights Amendment is spiritual." So, evidently, is campaigning on Dale County with Anita Bryant, attacking Jimmy Carter on the air for his interview in Playboy, and planning a trip to California to help state senator John Briggs fight his antihomosexual anti-two-out law.

Does he think he has political influence over his followers?

"Yes." He is straightforward. "But I feel that my highest calling is spiritual, and if I'm too political it will diminish my effectiveness. For instance, if I'm very much against communism, but I don't make it my main line."

Will the American people look to a religious or spiritual person as their next President?

"I think a very spiritual person could rise," Falwell says. His words are measured, his voice is soft. "Someone who would possess not only political savvy but spiritual consciousness, and I think no what this country desperately needs."

Has Carter helped or hurt the cause?

"I didn't think Carter was the best candidate when he went in, and I think even less of him now. But I don't think Jimmy Carter has defiled Christianity in any way. His problem is that he hasn't had the opportunity to become much of a spiritual leader. The burdens of the White House are so complex. For



In the empty church, Falwell works with television technicians to tape a polemical segment to be inserted in his live TV show.

The Chemistry Experiment



Uncertain reactions, trying this, that, two steps forward one back, finally getting down to the real you. For such interesting moments, we propose adding a splash of crystal-clear Smirnoff and a dash of grenadine to a glass of fresh orange juice (some people call it the Hayride.) But don't overdo it; that would spoil the chemistry.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.



Ted Turner's True Talent

While everyone was distracted by his loudmouthed antics, he pulled off a coup that will change the TV business forever

by Roger Vaughan

*Ted Turner is best known as the flamboyant slapper who guided the yacht *Conquest* to its successful 1977 defense of the America's Cup. Southwestern knows him as the less successful but equally colorful owner of the Atlanta Braves and Hawks. But behind Turner's bombastic style lies a shrewd and daring businessman who is bringing a technological revolution to the TV industry.*

*By being among the first to recognize how cable TV could be linked commercially to communications satellites, he has turned his obscure, independent Channel 17 in Atlanta into a regional network that will soon reach over two million viewers. The following story, adapted from Roger Vaughan's forthcoming biography *Ted Turner—The Man Behind the Mouth*, describes how Turner transformed a franchise that was losing \$30,000 a month into one whose value is now growing at a rate of \$12 million a year.*

Ted Turner gained control of Channel 17, in Atlanta, in January 1976. It cost him \$5 million. He changed the call letters to WTCT, Turner Communications Group. An independent station, it was losing more than \$30,000 a month at the time.

Turner bought the station against the best advice of anyone who could get his ear. Soon he also bought Channel 36 in Charlotte, North Carolina. It too was losing \$15,000 a month and was in bankruptcy.

Turner's financial vice-president, Will Sandels, shakes his head when he thinks about it. "It could have sunk our ear, that TV business," he says. "We were really in it. Our purchase contracts included all the debts. There was no way to cut it loose if it didn't work. We all said he was crazy, but Ted is an incredible salesman and dealer. For every man you come up with, he'll come up with five that say you are wrong. That and the fact that he is in control overwhelmed you."

Ted was sure independent television was growth industry. He thought an independent station had a lot more potential than his lullabyed broadcast, which had already matured. The survival percentage game would be greater, he figured, and the advertising revenues would be in excess of billboard billings. He moved to a bigger market and one that was growing.

Turner's tenacity combined with his resources gives him in-

nerve staying power. He bought the stations, and he made it through, withered the storms. He granted down the competition went the cash flow from the full-broad company because he knew his concept would work. By 1971, Channel 17 was one of the first independents to show a substantial profit.

When Turner bought Channel 17, there was another independent in the Atlanta market. It belonged to United States Communications and was one of five stations in the country owned by that company, a subsidiary of the American Nucleon conglomerate. It was a fact that the Atlanta market could not support two independents. "Ted knew this," one of the early Channel 17 employees says, "but I doubt he realized how serious the situation was." Only one of the stations was going to survive, and it didn't look like it would be Channel 17, which was running a solid 10th out of five Atlanta stations.

The instability of the situation was reflected in the fact that in the first twenty-two months of Turner's ownership, the personnel of the station turned over twice. By the spring of 1975, every spare dollar Turner could find had been poured into the station. As Will Sandels recalls, the whole show was about to sink. Then, overnight, without warning, the U.S. Communications station folded. It was a huge stroke of luck for Turner, a lifeline for a drowning man.

I. The Opposition Goes Broke

Ted McGee was general manager of the U.S. station in Atlanta. "We just ran out of money," McGee says, pointing a picture of a large company that had jumped into the development of independent television network firmly rejecting the revenues that would be necessary. "Kaiser," McGee says, "which was the only company that owned as many stations as U.S., lost fifty million dollars trying to develop stations. We weren't willing to spend the money. I remember I had a live underbell telecast arranged, and the phone company was calling to say we couldn't go on the air until our bill was paid. I went to Philadelphia, the home office, to plead for the money. It was obvious they weren't going to honor their commitment to me. I resigned. They folded Atlanta and the San Francisco station the same day. Pittsburgh a week later."

"I backed out Ted before I resigned," McGee says. "Our station had the supporting power, but the problems were still economic. UHF reception was terrible, for one thing. As we shut down, he would have been in serious trouble."

In one day, Channel 17 went from fifth of five stations to fourth of four. As the only independent in Atlanta, the way ahead was clear for development, but the problems were still economic. UHF reception was terrible, for one thing. As

Roger Vaughan has known Turner since college days, written two books about him, and added his own on-camera voice.

Opposite page: The picture of confidence, Turner poses in his office, lined with jacking trophies from around the world

Photograph by Richard Halliday

OCTOBER 10, 1978/ENRAGE 29

Step by step, he outmaneuvered the networks by stealing shows, signing the Atlanta Braves.

McGee said about his station, "the 'able to receive' figures were frightening." It was the same for Turner.

"I was coming going into an advertiser's office and asking him to buy time on Channel 17," Turner says. "The answer would be 'We don't buy UHF.' And I would tell them, 'Why not?' It's coming, like FM radio. We're not asking you to pay for the future. We're just asking you to buy our audience at the same cost per thousand. Our audience isn't very big, but our viewers are way above the average network's mentality."

And they would say, "How do you know that? How come?" And I would tell them, "Because you have got to be smart to figure out how to take in a UHF station as the first place. Dutch guys can't do it. Can you get Channel 17? No? Well, neither can I. We aren't smart enough. But my viewers are."

Then I would ask them if their commercials were in color. And they would say, "Of course." And I would tell them their commercials would stand out better on my screen. Why? Because most of the programs were in black and white and when the commercial came on, it would have more shock value, it would catch the viewers' attention. They fell over. They hadn't thought of that.

"And finally I told them my audience was instant. Every set with UHF capability was color, which costs more. Don't you think that was a pretty good sales pitch?"

With the competition gone, Turner got more money into strengthening his signal. Then he got his second break. The Atlanta ABC affiliate was forced by the network to pick up the 6:00 p.m. news, which they had not been running. It is a television fact of life that roughly 25 percent of an audience will actively avoid the news. So Turner scheduled *News 20/40* at 6:00 p.m. and not only increased his rating at that hour but got a few more people acquainted with Channel 17's presence. In Turner's mind, a philosophy was beginning to take shape. As he told *TelevisionWeek* after 1976, "All three viewers had big, grossing, money-making shows. They all programmed great much after I felt the people of Atlanta were entitled to something different than a whole lot of police and crime shows with murders and rapes going on all over the place. I believe that people are tired of violence and psychological problems and all the negative things they see on TV every night."

Turner continued his campaign on buying films—the titles of which he selected himself, and on assembling a lineup of old shows that sounded like the cream half of time: *I Love Lucy*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Leave It to Beaver*, *Petticoat Junction*, *Father Knows Best*, *Cosmo Girl*, and *Andy Gump*. "We're essentially an escapist station," Turner announced to those who hadn't noticed. "As far as our news is concerned, we risk the FCC maximum of forty minutes a day."

II. Channel 17 Makes the Big Time

Having moved into the aforementioned void left by ABC's commitment to news, Turner attacked the NBC affiliate (WSB-TV), Atlanta's number-one station. WSB had chosen to air live network shows, which meant their share of the audience could be picked up by an independent in the area. Turner grabbed all five, and soon billboards (Turner's, of course) around Atlanta were announcing, "The NBC network moves to Channel 17," and listing the five shows.

"We didn't think we could take over as the number-one station in the market," Turner said at the time. "But we felt we could shake things up, get 'em to think about us, let 'em know we were in the race." They were shock and startled thinking. The move was the quickest all over the papers, and if success could



After an America's Cup win, Turner, center, accepts a plaque.

be measured in phone calls from NBC buyers, it was a hit.

While WSB-TV was still flailing over their public embarrassment, Turner grabbed their rights to televise Atlanta Braves games. At the time, the Braves were paying WSB to run twenty-five games a year. Turner made the Braves an offer they couldn't refuse, paying them \$2.5 million for the TV rights to games for five years.

"The Braves games were the top-rated locally-produced program in the Atlanta market," Gerry Hagan says. Hagan is general sales manager of Channel 17. He is a dapper, personable man with styled red hair and the office manner of a Park Avenue physician discussing a social disease of moderate seriousness. He left Chicago advertising in 1971 to take a chance with Turner.

"Support the Braves did a lot for our image," Hagan says. "It changed our image from that of a kooky station. It forced people to tune us in. We became a factor. Atlanta went from a three-station market plus WTSP to a four-station market. We were in it after the Braves signed with us."

Turner used the same straight-ahead approach to bring wrestling to Channel 17. The ABC affiliate had been floundering with wrestling, switching its days around, testing the promoters without much regard. They are a tough group, but Turner would fight as hard as he could to get a better deal for them out of Timeshare—a girl who was married to one of the producers, so he had something of an in. "There is no prestige to wrestling," Hagan says, "but you can't beat it as a rating success. It has more viewers than football or the Braves or the Braves."

At *TelevisionWeek* after 1976, "The story of how Turner, a man with absolutely no broadcast experience, turned a jumble of Grade-D film, broken-down equipment, and a building which vaguely resembled an abandoned supply depot from the Civil War into one of the most successful independent stations in the country in four years' time, reads more like a movie script than a prescription for success in the hard-boiled, real world of the broadcast industry."

But the opening profit (based over the years on the story: \$750,000; \$550,000; 1971: \$531,580; 1972: \$161,486; 1973: \$1,045,516; 1974: \$792,340; 1975: \$1,761,987; 1976: \$3,687,447; 1977: \$3,714,644).

"Ted had received control of the programming function from

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When he testified for the cable association: "They called me the quisling of the industry."

the beginning," Hagan says. "He used to select each movie and schedule it. He knows. He has a sense of what to do. I don't know how he gets his input, but he gets it."

One might think that such a fanboyish fellow as Turner would take advantage of his ownership and schedule himself regularly on the air. He did so only once. "I used to get all dressed up and sit in the chair," he says back then and introduces Sunday Morning Academy Award Theater," Turner says. "I enjoyed it, and it was great during those winters when I was off sailing in Australia. The kids could sit on the set and see their daddy at Christmas. But I didn't really have the time to do it."

With programming developing rapidly, Turner began concentrating on signal distribution. From the beginning, Turner had his eyes on television-stored areas outside metropolitan Atlanta. The only way to reach that large market was to extend the station's reach by utilizing a series of microwave transmitting stations that would bring the signal into existing cable systems.

Cable television is similar to host television. When all the guest rooms are wired to a master antenna, Cable's official designation CATV or Community Antenna Television. As the name implies, CATV was aimed at smaller, outlying communities, where limited and inferior television reception existed. Of the 1,400 cable companies in business in 1976, two thirds had fewer than 1,000 subscribers. Until very recently, efforts to bring cable into more metropolitan areas have not been successful. Cable installation costs are high in cities, and quality independent stations can usually satisfy viewers' demands for robust fun.

Typically, a cable company brings in a strong television signal to a "head end," which usually includes a large, tower-associated antenna. From the head end, the signal is distributed throughout the community along a network of coaxial cables that can be tapped and fed directly into subscribers' homes. The tap often includes a small converter that the television set's antenna cable is inserted into. Cost to the cable subscriber runs from \$7 to \$10 a month.

Until the last three years, cable companies required their signals over microwave lead lines. But microwave is a cumbersome way to go. The current involves transmitting a signal along a series of amplifying stations. Because a television signal travels along a line of sight, elevated land (or at least two towers) must first be purchased for each station. A tower must be built and electronics installed at an additional cost of about \$40,000. Power lines must be run in. And twenty-five miles between stations is the limit. Once a station is completed, maintenance is required on an annual basis. And the more signal that is transmitted to weather stations and geographically weakened by the distance traveled. Because of the huge cost Turner was trying to fill in the Southeast, estimates were that a microwave system would have cost \$8 million to install.

III. Taking Advantage of Technology

On top of equipment costs, the FCC presented independent stations with a complex web of cable regulations, based on market size, that severely curtailed the export of signals. Most operators of their products of the one producing "free-flying"—bringing in a more desirable distant signal over that of a local independent. Cable systems wishing to bring in two independent stations could be forced to hold microwave lines in two different directions rather than a longer line in one direction that would reach a second station. The regulation also means that export of independent like WTCD were being shut out of many markets.



New Breed owner Turner with pitcher Andy Messersmith.

At Turner Communications, modest progress was being made. From the time he purchased the station in 1970 to the fall of 1976, Turner had added 467,000 CATV customers. Then two events transpired that opened up the heavens for Ted Turner. First, in 1975, the FCC reversed the regulations made in 1972 and lifted the long-standing restrictions. It had determined that cable growth in many areas had been brought to a halt by the regulation and that lifting it would have a minimal effect on local broadcasters.

And in December 1975, RCA launched its first American satellite (Satcom) into a geosynchronous orbit 22,380 miles above the equator. The communication satellite is arguably one technological achievement. Pure magic. A television signal is beamed to the orbiting antenna, where it is retransmitted back to earth. The signal enters the ground ring of nearly 45,000 miles in one fifth of a second and can be received by an earth station antenna anywhere in the United States. Compared to microwave, satellite transmission is cheap, and because the signal travels perpendicularly through the weather layer, the clarity of reception is consistent.

In the fall of 1975, Turner watched the unveiling of Home Box Office (HBO), a real independent film system for home viewing being broadcast via satellite. HBO was the first to service cable systems via satellite, and one look was enough to convince Turner he wanted it.

As soon as the FCC changed the rules to allow any independent to be brought in by cable systems, Turner took notice. "While other independents were fighting the battle, he joined the cable association and got to know their people. He testified in congressional cable hearings. 'They called me the quisling of the broadcast industry,' Turner says, "because I was the only television station owner who testified for them."

While Turner began scheming, a quiet, studious man named Donald Anderson was making a systematic study of the television industry. Anderson was vice-president for research and planning of the National Cable Television Association, in Washington, D.C., a well-organized lobby that was examining how the industry could benefit from recent changes in FCC regulations. The more Anderson studied the means of signals, computer programs, and maps before him, the more his vision took shape being drawn in Atlanta, Georgia. "I kept wondering," Anderson said, "who this fellow Turner was and if he had any idea what he had done there. I kept wishing I could meet him."

As Anderson explains it, referring to his eight-foot wall map of the United States, which is peppered with small dots of various colors, Turner, St. Petersburg, Maine, and Atlanta are the only three television markets in the Southeast that are in the top twenty-five nationally (although St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, and Washington are jumping about the northern border). The only independents in the above markets that carry national coverage of sports interest are the New Kansas City and Atlanta. Of the independents in the Southeast, only Channel 17 carries sports. Sports are very big with the cable people.

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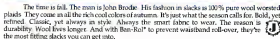
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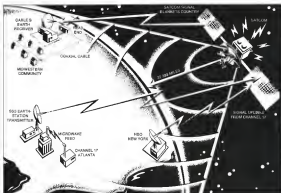
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[illegible][illegible]

Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana



A technical diagram shows how a satellite communication system can overcome expensive traditional methods of TV transmission by bouncing a signal from transmitter to receiving station. The signal's 45,000 miles round trip takes one fifth of a second.

whose biggest selling point is programming," Anderson says. Plus, Turner is on the air twenty-four hours a day, and he is covering all those movies. Movies are great for the cable.

Parts of the report I wrote for the National Cable Television Association are still just like a blueprint for Ted Turner, and I haven't even met him," Anderson says. That would happen some time.

Turner had been picking people over for a while, as usual, and was enough to come to one with the ball who connected him with Anderson.

"He came into the office one day," Anderson says, "and said, 'Hi, I'm Ted Turner.' I knew we think alike. Within thirty minutes he was pouring me a cable experience for him. 'Would it help as if I bought the Braves?' he asked me. I said it sure would. He said he was going to Atlanta for an owner race and that he would call me when he got back. And he did," Anderson says, recalling his surprise.

Selling Channel 17 to cable systems was part of the job. The other part—the home before the cut—was getting the signal on the satellite. Turner went to see RCA and discovered that would not be simple, primarily because there was no precedent. The advice of the satellite was supposed to provide initial interest from the large commercial networks. No one at the industry suspected that four-figure pay-cable schemes like Home Box Office—whose subscribers pay approximately \$30 a month for about eight to ten hours a week of movies and special events—and little independent networks with which networks and divisions of glory would be living up for a piece of the day.

Turner was told RCA would lease him space on their band, but he would first have to build an earth transmission receiver station, a three-quarter-of-a-million-dollar installation. Turner began bouncing around in the aerospace-construction industry, where the technology was expanding so rapidly even the FCC was having trouble keeping up with the implications. When he traveled to New Jersey to talk to William Union about

their satellite, he met a man named Ed Taylor, who was in charge of satellite development and marketing.

Taylor is an alert, friendly man who enjoys the complexities of a business he began learning from his father, John P. Taylor, an engineer who had been with RCA for more than forty years. "I liked Turner right away," Ed Taylor recalls. "In fact he is one of the few businessmen in the world I have much respect for. He's got more in the area of his goals than most research departments. And he walks. He came to see me in New Jersey himself. He didn't send someone else."

Taylor tried to sell Turner a spot on Western Union's satellite (Western's without success). Turner knew Home Box Office was becoming popular with cable systems across the country, and he didn't want to make it difficult (well, Channel 17 by being on a different satellite. If a cable system wants to pull signals off two different satellites, it needs either a second earth station or a system for constantly redefining a single antenna.)

So he told Taylor to think and work home with a problem that was giving him fits. In such a situation, Turner will usually turn to direct action, simply because he can't stand holding problems. Persistence is not his strong suit. Whether the issue is boats, business, or women, he goes for instant gratification.

If the tech were known, Turner probably picked up the telephone on Sunday night and ordered an earth station. Monday morning at the office, he told one of his executives to drop everything and go find a piece of land to put it on. But the truth will never be known because the legal intricacies of the little million-dollar, outer space gambit were quickly complicated and perhaps even a touch quibbled.

Turner the business tycoon is so different from Turner the kid, who knocked off the Tennessee State Debate Championships at age seventeen by redubbing the basic question and coming on from left field with a positive answer as he was prepared to decline. People don't change, after all. His tactics aren't exactly illegal, but they might drop enough into the gray area to make

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia, yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar 'on his bare knee. Caught a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolf Schmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



**Wolf Schmidt
Genuine Vodka**

[illegible]

"He had the timing, ambition, will, and foresight," a rival says, "to put his money where his mouth was."

some people by trial—especially those who didn't think of a particular scheme themselves. But a case can certainly be made for Turner's madon approach, which follows in the best, classic American culture pioneer tradition.

In any event, it wasn't long before an earth-station transmitter/receiver dish standing thirty feet high and accounting for two meters across was in place on an acre of land ten miles from Turner's WTCCO studios in Atlanta. With its axis pointed toward the heavens, its white electronics trailer standing nearby, its microwave antenna hanging in Channel 17's signal, its high chain-link fence topped with three strands of angled barbed wire, and its out-of-the-way location in a wooded hollow, the station had the appearance of a highly classified military spook operation.

Turner had to find a company called Southern Satellite Systems (SSS) that would operate the earth station and distribute his television signal to cable companies, and he was well on his way to putting the package together when his Washington lawyers reminded him that a station owner cannot own the "common carrier" of the signal. So Turner went to the big cable companies and suggested they set up the operation for him. People kept telling him that Ed Taylor was his man.

"He called," Taylor says, "and invited me and my family to Atlanta for the weekend. It was a typical Turner weekend. We went out for dinner and ran around, but we were always talking business." Turner was convincing. Taylor went home and suggested from a \$65,000-a-year job. Then he bought \$58 from Turner for \$1 and became its president.

On December 17, 1978, Channel 17, WTCCO-TV Atlanta—"the super station that serves the nation," as Turner unambiguously alleged it—went on the satellite. TCO's schedule (it had six months before schedule) took that long for the FCC investigation to conclude that Ted Turner was in no way connected with SSS.

IV. Facilities First, Audience Later

Turner's frenzy to get his system on the satellite and the surreal gambles it prompted would seem more reasonable if his audience had been ready-made and waiting. The odds can be better appreciated as the calculated risk that it was, if one understands how far ahead of demand Turner placed supply.

The people at Home Box Office, who are understandably proud of their pioneering efforts with domestic satellite transmission for nationally televised programming, report there were only two earth stations "out there" when they consummated \$7 million in a long-term contract with RCA in April 1975. HBO is now rolling along comfortably, receiving more than a million and a half subscribers' homes through 378-cable systems in forty-seven states. But as HBO's public relations director Barbara Abrell admits, "Up to a year ago, it was a question of survival."

"When Turner started," Abrell says, "it wasn't clear that the earth stations were going to be there, and the federal model did not initially attract independent. Home Box Office paved the way. But you have to hand it to Turner. He surrounded himself with people who knew the cable industry, and he made friends. He had the timing, the vision, the foresight, and the will to put his money where his mouth was."

Turner wouldn't disagree with that assessment. As he remarked in a speech to the Cable "78 convention, "You have to have a little balls. Hell, I've got 'em or I wouldn't be here."

Both HBO and WTCCO found themselves in the right place at the right time. The satellite business, which was not prospering in



The burgeoning super station's receiver is old as the hills.

1975, has virtually been saved by the use of satellite transmission. Telocator Corporation, the largest owner of cable systems in the country (118 systems and around one million subscribers) was on the verge of bankruptcy in 1975. They were hanging on, but who really saved it was pay-TV. They made an agreement with HBO in 1975 and a commitment to link a majority of their systems to the satellite. Within six months, the other major cable companies made a similar commitment to satellite technology.

The unexpected and quick drop in the price of earth-station receivers accelerated the general enthusiasm toward satellite transmission. In 1975, an earth-station only installation cost around \$100,000. In 1978, it was shrunken from between \$35,000 and \$40,000, thanks in part to FCC approval of smaller dish size. In 1975, there were only 7 earth stations with earth receivers. In January 1978, there were 181 earth receivers in operation, with 400 expected to be in operation or pending by the end of 1979. With applications pouring in at the rate of 25 a month, predictions were that 1,000 earth stations would be operating by the end of 1979.

Very quickly the quality and variety of programming available to cable operators has significantly improved. An John P. Taylor concluded in an article he wrote for *Television Week* (April 16, 1978), "The cable operator can put as much choice, as much as many networks are forced, and take his choice of programs. In one year, he has gone from a lack of program sources to almost more than he knows what to do with."

In addition to HBO's movies and special events and to WTCCO's movies and heavy coverage of live sporting events, there is Showtime Entertainment Inc., an off-line pay-TV package. Madison Square Garden's weekly distribution of 135 Garden sporting events a year. Newsmax, a news service from LPT using wire photos and voice over, KTVU, another independent (San Francisco), scheduled to begin programming in August 1979, and several national broadcasters. New ideas for programming are discussed daily, and other independent are getting in line.

It is perhaps far enough to make new entrepreneurs like Ed Taylor seriously contemplate the full utilization of cures like San Francisco and Los Angeles. Those two cities have long been considered the toughest to break because of the quality independents that broadcast locally. But the day cable can offer *everyone* something that they don't get with other cars

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Network TV execs are still too blind to see it, but satellites can end the wasteland forever.

may finally be approaching.

The implicit message and certainty of the communications satellites that orbit majestically above us in perfect synchronism with the earth, like kitespans without the sticks, unquestionably represent the leading edge of a technological revolution with serious cultural overtones. Soon we will be using television differently and expecting different things from it. Satellites have effectively broken the three major networks' monopoly on national program distribution, and when rates begin to drop for the rental of channels on the various bands, network dominance of individual stations—which is currently maintained by affiliates' dependence on the network transmission lines—will crumble.

The much maligned television wasteland is also being beleaguered at an alarming rate by a multitude of new science fiction products for home entertainment: video discs, laserdiscs, recorders, and large-screen projection machines. The technology of fiber optics, in which a thin glass fiber will replace copper wire in cables to increase the number of channels, is approaching fruition. And in Columbus, Ohio, there is Qube, a \$30-million experiment by Warner Cable that allows viewers to be polled on various issues, to order movies, and to take college courses via a small push-button box.

Although officials of the three major networks are maintaining their black, thorium-fluoride untouchable stance, the creative alternatives of new programs and video systems have got to have an eventual impact on the reason of day: *Lower Costs*. Those who speculate on the industry's future also wonder if WTCC's lineup of sports and movies can stand the heavy onslaught of programming competition that is piling up like a great wave.

Today, Don Anderson aims his office overlooking the glowing field of Atlanta's Fulton County Stadium and watches the busy passion of little green dots accumulating on his large map of the United States. Each represents a system that is bringing in Channel 17. A recent headline in *TV Guide* reads: "Why Are They Watching on Atlanta Station in Nebraska?" Anderson is vice president, cable relations, and, guess, we're richly enough, is the color of money. "I left the industry and joined a broadcaster to participate in the future of the industry," Anderson says, enjoying the apparent contradiction. "I did myself some work. I know that he knew what he was talking about. He is quick and capable, but he has a specific mind. He groups the rules on only, I could say (the right way). To do what he has done, you've got to have vision, guts, and money. If he was missing any one of these, he wouldn't have made it."

"Look what has happened in a year. In terms of cable homes, we have done it one year the satellite, which is a real thing. In a year to do with microwave. When we hit two-point-five million cable homes, by the end of 1978, we will have that double our viewers in the Atlanta market."

V. A Million New Dollars a Month

The TV station Turner bought eight years ago is worth \$40 million today. The station's worth is appreciating at the rate of nearly one million dollars a month. Will Sanders says: "Theoretically, for every one hundred thousand viewers we build in the Atlanta market, we obtain one million dollars in income. The cable homes we are adding in the Atlanta market are worth at least half that, and we are adding about one hundred thousand homes a month. The rule of thumb is that a station's worth is three times its ratings. Of course it is all based



With a flying word \$40 million, Turner looks ahead nervously.

on the assumption that we can attract advertisers at the same rate we are building."

WTCC is already making initial ratings that reflect its growing coverage. Certain national advertisers are paying higher rates to sponsor Braves games. Turner has opened 500 more offices in Chicago and New York to market his station's cable service.

Turner's "per program" sales program is already well established and growing. Sold only on TV stations, like jewelry (diamond rings), books (such as certain Time Inc. series), records (popular and present hits), household items, or your automatic family car, are advertised on Channel 17 and accompanied by a toll-free telephone number. As many as 1,500 calls a day are received, with 40 percent coming from the cable audience. In 1977, the district market program generated gross revenues of a million dollars.

"I'd sometimes talk about Channel 17 in national terms," Don Anderson says, "but I think our real potential is to be the first regional independent station—from Texas, across Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and everything south of that line. We are opening just like a network. We send per cable system endless promotional material, newspaper clippings, advertising ideas, etc. We figure that Channel 17 can be worth a thirty-percent increase in business for a cable operator."

The fraction of the ball team Turner has purchased becomes clear. By owning the Braves, he avoids contract disputes and renegotiations over broadcast schedules that make his cable customers feel sore. And if he had bought a piece of the Atlanta Hawks, there was a real danger they would have left Atlanta and cost Channel 17 one of its most marketable commodities.

Anderson enjoys working for Turner. "He leaves me alone," Anderson says. "He runs the show, controls the money, but he talks me in as he goes. He doesn't look over my shoulder. Often I don't see him or hear from him for weeks. I just find about him in the papers. I couldn't be more fortunate. I love the dream, and now I'm making a reality. But I suppose if these little green dots stopped appearing, Ted and I would part company."

"Ted is a yachtsman. He played us into this thing and cast us off. No one really has an idea of how far we are going." He

Photo by Larry Schatz



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To learn more about wine, send a postcard for a free copy of "The grapes and wines of Almaden" to Almaden, P.O. Box 24240 ES, San Jose, CA 95154.





Richard Dreyfuss Building Back

For eighteen months, he was out of touch, out of his head, out of control. No more

by Jean Vallety

In Labor Day Richard Dreyfuss is hungry. He is staying in Bob Remer and Penny Marshall's guesthouse, and he walks up to the big house on the old Clark Gable estate in Encino.

Heila: "Where are you? Anyone here?" yell Dreyfuss.
"I'm upstairs, upstairs, upstairs," shrieks Laurence, "having a facial."

"I'm in here," yells Marshall. Remer is sprawled on a couch, watching the United States Open on an 84-inch Advant television screen. "Remer. You know what it is?" Remer says to Dreyfuss with an "It's getting to be something you really need to do and doing it well. The money, the fame, the adulation, the big house, the swimming pool." He waves his arms at his big house and swimming pool, "in holistic!"

Dreyfuss focuses his blue eyes on Remer and slowly begins smug. "All I want is a room somewhere, for now."

Remer jumps up from the couch and yells in. The two look over and do a little jig into the kitchen. "Wouldn't it be lovely?" Dreyfuss opens the refrigerator, takes out a cooked chicken, and begins eating into the bones. Remer breaks into "There's no business like show business," alternating lines with Dreyfuss.

"It's A-L-B-E-R-T B-B-O-O-K-E-E," announces Dreyfuss. Brooks walks in, heads to the refrigerator, and takes out a slab of roasts cheese. "Want a liver and sandwich?" Dreyfuss asks as one is protective. "Here's the cheese!" says Remer. "Pretty good," says Brooks. The three have business much other since they went to Beverly Hills High School. They used to sit around and dream about how successful they would become. "It's good to have Rick back," says Remer in a quiet moment.

There was a period for about a year when he almost lost all his old friends. He was awful. He wouldn't return anyone's phone calls. "I was so angry with him. But he had to go through his second thing. None of us could help him. Now it's just plain old Rick Dreyfuss. We all missed him."

Little Rick Dreyfuss is indeed back. Back with ego as chivalry, a new set of priorities, a new trim body, and a new picture. The *Big Blue*—for which he is considered as well as star—his first since he won the Academy Award for *The Goodbye Girl*.

Jean Vallety is a writing editor for *Esquire* magazine who is based in California.

Where has Richard Dreyfuss been? Well, out of touch, out of his head, out of control. For about eighteen months. Richard Dreyfuss, the first of his generation to make it big in Hollywood, has been grappling with Big Mama Success. It has been quite a struggle, and it's not over yet. Dreyfuss could well blow it, but he's giving success one hell of a fight. Dreyfuss is in crisis as a low—make no mistake about it. But the thing he is going for him is that he knows he's crazy—he says he's crazy—and sincerely doesn't want to be.

"It really took me by surprise, this success," he says. "It is something I fought for and would not hold out to myself as the goal. I had thought more, and thought more completely, about being a star than anyone else I know. I thought I knew what I was going to be. Here I was, thirty, when I was wanted to be a star his whole life, and suddenly I found myself acting like a twelve-year-old. I didn't anticipate the guilt and the fear of success. I didn't anticipate the downside of success at all."

One reason Dreyfuss's personal drama is interesting is that he is one of the few actors around who seems to stand for something. He is political, a product of the Sixties. He traveled to Washington, he protested; he was a conscientious objector during the war; he is a dues-paying member of the American Civil Liberties Union; he was vocal in his disgust with Richard Nixon, Watergate, the pardon. He had to fire Mobley, Alabama, where his life was threatened after he spoke out against the Ku Klux Klan. He got into a public fight with Donald Ramsey over Gerald Ford's amnesty program. Richard Dreyfuss is much for things.

And the characters he plays stand for things: Carl Hazzard in *American Graffiti*; Daddy Krawitz in *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*; Matt Hooper in *Jaws*; the Boy Wonder in *Amos*; Ray Nasty in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*; Ellis Gelfand in *The Goodbye Girl*; and, now, Moses Wint in *The Big Blue*. These characters are real, accessible. They show us courage and intelligence. They seem to be trying to live their lives honestly.

In the real world, Richard Dreyfuss had to become a role model for himself and for a new generation of movie stars. No one expected him to grow up to be Alvy Sewart, and he is, after all, eleven years younger than, say, Jane Fonda. Dreyfuss saw himself as a persecuted left-wing Social Democrat in the most open capitalist community in the land. He cares about the inequalities in the world, but he is part of them. This good man owns a \$30,000 Mercedes, he's buying a mansion in Beverly Hills, has an apartment in New York, and pulls down a

Left: In his new movie *The Big Blue*, Dreyfuss plays a man given to drink and drugs, recovering his own second personal honesty

Photograph by Steve Sabagoff/Epstein

OCTOBER 10, 1976/ESQUIRE 81

Dreyfuss: "Here I was, this guy who wanted and knew he wanted to be a star his whole life, and suddenly I found myself acting like a 12-year-old!"



In American Literature (1974).

mation and a half dollars a liter. How does he keep his equilibrium principles? Well," says Dryden, "it's hard, but it's possible. My politics are still the same. Look, Eugene Dela never said we should be comfortable. He just said we all should be comfortable."

We are having lunch at La Serre, a restaurant in the San Fernando Valley. Almost a year ago to the day, we had had lunch in the same restaurant. It was an odd lunch back then. There were five of us, all of whom would turn thirty within the next four months. Dryfuss was depressed and not looking well. He asked each of us how we were going to deal with this coming event.

A year later, Dryden's looks terrific. His face is clean-shaven, his blue eyes are clear, and his body weight is down from 158 pounds to 140. His hair is a dampened gray. He reads *Letters of the Dead* by Michael Chabon, as I approach the table. "They want me to play Ben Faltin in the movie," he says excitedly. He breaks into an Indian diet. "I probably wear a turban and robes." He grins. "That's what I used to call acting." Dryden has his left arm in a makeshift sling. He was roller-skating, fell, and sprained it. His right arm, which he broke playing racket ball and wore in a cast all through the making of *The Bad Guy*, has also healed.

"The day after I finished shooting *The Godfather Part II*, I went into therapy. Five days a week," he says, leaning a little, frowning, and lighting a Marlboro. "Something just told me you don't go on like that. It reminds Psychophysics in New York. Freud. He tried it once when he was nervous, but it didn't seem much to him at that time. You know, when you're in a therapy you become the *Agile Reversion* of your life. You start understanding all the options, all the phenomena, and you don't know which way is an option. Bear with me."

ACTING LESSONS

Richard Dreyfuss has never been at a loss for words, and he's certainly not this time. But he no longer jumps up and down and moves about, feeling the need to dramatize physically everything he says, as he did a year ago. That's not to say he has achieved a state of calm. Richard Dreyfuss still makes Steve Martin look like he's on Volcanos, but there is a difference.

To get to know Richard Dreyfuss, you have to go back to—where else?—Brooklyn, where he was born. He lived in Bayside, Queens, until he was seven, when his father, a lawyer sick of New York, sold everything the family owned and packed

them off to Europe. They returned to New York six months later, scraped together enough money to buy a 1967 Cadillac and headed for California. The family eventually settled in Beverly Hills.

"I was nine years old, and I was sitting with my mother at the kitchen table — there are kitchen tables in Beverly Hills. Dryfuss emphasizes —" and I told her I wanted to be an actor. She casually said, "Don't just talk about it." I got up from the table and walked to the West Side Jewish Community Center on Olympic Boulevard and auditioned for a play that day, and I have not stopped. "Not."

[illegible][illegible]

And then there was the time when Dwyer was assaulted by his angry father. The police were downstairs with a handful of unpaid parking tickets. Richard was matched down to police headquarters and placed in a cell. He took the tin cap and began waving it back and forth against the bars, piling, "Screw, screw, screw."

Dreyfuss would visit his grandparents, who lived on the busy corner of Dobson and Beverly. Reminds his grandmother, Elsie: "He would be on the grass and roll around screaming. I want my sexy grandmother. Where is sexy Grandma? All the boys would show down and stare at this boy rolling around and screaming. I would finally go out, and he would grab me, bend me way over, and kiss me passionately on the neck for all the people to see. Then he would let me go and scream, 'Now you keep a secret. He was a nut—still is.'"

And he remembers the first time he was recognized. He was

playing Hymie, the low outcast in the play *In Maudie*. When, after one performance, he and his family went out to get an on-stream cone, Dreyfuss was fifteen years old. A little girl screamed and pointed at him. "Look, there's Hymie!" Dreyfuss liked it. "The way I used to suffer gets," he says, "was to take them to MacArthur Park, rent a boat and tell them what a wonderful, famous actor I was going to be. And then ride *Maudie*. It worked."

When he was sixteen, he and Rob Kuser, Larry Bishop, Phil Madden, and a few others formed an improvisation group called The Servants. They performed in a club on Sunset Strip (where Pat Collins, the *Hip Hypnotics*, is now) and even made it all the way to New York and the Playboy Club.

[illegible]

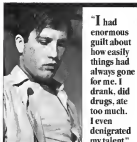
I didn't owe *anything* recently," says Drayton. "The school I had done was to create a very solid double life. At home, I was a student. Brother was cousin. Friend but when I was acting, I was a pro. I always wanted to be a pro. It's a great world. I wanted to be considered a professional. It's funny," he says, lighting his cigarette Marlboro. "If a person was older than I and most of them were when I was growing up, I accused them all the respect that one gives an older person, except when I was acting. If a fifty-year-old actor forgets his lines, I would tell him that he's old. I would tell him to turn to me and say, 'If you do that one more time, I'll tell you.' I was considered a smart ass, but I didn't consider myself a smart ass. I considered myself a pro. In my mind we were cool."

[illegible]

DeVilbiss picks up his phone messages. "A message from Ray Stark. Urgent, urgent, urgent. I wonder what this means?" He probably needs my address to send me a present. He phones his mother. They both do a shock. "No, this is not David Niven," he says into the phone. "Can I bring a reporter to breakfast tomorrow?" He is to meet his mother and her old friends from Baywisk tomorrow morning. They want to see Richard. She says you can come. He says, "I want to see you," but that she won't get stuck in her belly button.

AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

We are now sitting in the Benson, greenhouse. Dryden came to Los Angeles for three days to do some last-minute



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"I had enormous guilt about how easily things had always gone for me. I drank, did drugs, ate too much. I even denigrated my talent."

[illegible]

But I may not be planned out as surely as I thought. Deeply troubled and I think its own mode at its own pace. The ball started rolling ahead of schedule and just kept picking up momentum. All of a sudden it was three continents. I had to get out of the U.S. as fast as I could. I had no money. I went to the New York Public Library and I found the book I needed. I was looking up with a girl and going through this incredible story and I had to get out of L.A. So I left. I had this real urgent thing going—I'm not doing a movie now! I was the one who made me star. I was really that dumb. I was prepared to burn down movies until the cows came home until the film came out. I was going to do it. I was going to do it. I was going to do it with the girl, having such an anxiety attack. And I met George Takei. I read the script and thought, "Well, it's cute. I do it. I'll get paid from L.A. and all the crying." So I went up and said to Anderson Goetz (thinking it would make a huge movie). No one knew the film would go through the roof and it was this mythic American image of the Philippines. "Where?"

Dreyfuss returned to Los Angeles, still suffering from a broken heart, and a *Play-A-Jazz* in Central Park and then took the role of Baby Face Nelson in John Milius's *Dillinger*. "Again I just wanted to get out of town, and I thought, 'Great. I'll play a killer.' After being a CO for two years, now I wanted to slaughter people."

Then he read the script of *Daddy Kruger*. This was the part he wanted. "I thought, 'This is it.' He looked for Montreal the week American *Car 540* opened. He was glad to be leaving the

Dreyfuss says that he's crazy, and he is, in a way. Make no mistake about it. But the thing he has going for him is that he sincerely doesn't want to be crazy.



By Jane Woll

country because he had seen a rough cut of the film and hated himself in it. "I told George in other sentences that he should cut me out of the film and that I had figured out how he could do it. I was crazy." He left the country and then all the laughs of *American Graffiti* happened. He was staying in his hotel room in Montreal one night when Cindy Williams called. "You want to be a movie star?" she asked Dreyfuss. "Yes," he said. "Well," she said, "go to Joe Allen's in New York, and all the people will applaud you and applaud that's what they did to me tonight. Richard," she told him. "You have no idea what is going on. People are going bananas for the film." Confronted Dreyfuss. "Here I am stuck in Montreal going, 'Oh, shit. By the time I finished *Graffiti*, it was yesterday's news. Oh, you know to American *Graffiti*, that's nice." He screams. "I missed it all." Dreyfuss was on his way to Chicago without ever making it. *Deadly Women* was screened in Canada. "I stood in the back of the balcony afterward yelling and screaming at my friends, who were telling me I was going to be a star. I was crying and yelling because I thought I had given the worst performance that anyone had ever given in the history of the motion picture industry." It was at this moment that Steven Spielberg was with Dreyfuss on *Joe*. He had turned it down three times. He didn't want to do a fish story. "But when I saw *Deadly*, I thought if I don't have a job when this film comes out, I'll never work again," says Dreyfuss, sitting back in his chair. "I know that's stupid, but that's what I was operating on. I met Steven in Boston and said yes."

With *Joe* in the can, Dreyfuss signed on to do a film called *Barry*. Not many people have seen this film. It was released, crumpled by the critics and sunk like a stone. Dreyfuss plays Ray Wender, a young genius director of silent film out of sync in the world of talkies and forced by himself to make great pseudo classics—in his Hollywood mansion. "I personally loved the film because of Dreyfuss's performance superbly." This is where the story gets outrageous, explains Dreyfuss. His voice riding on a roof. "There are the cameras and technicians asking why I did *Barry*." He takes a deep breath, wanted to do *Julius Caesar*. "I was finishing up *Joe* on Martin's Vineyard and heard from my agent in New York that Joe Papp had penciled in *Julius Caesar*. I thought, this is my play. *Deadly* had just opened to great personal reviews and I was being asked to do the ancient. I had that interview with Papp, he worked the picture, then back to L.A., and for the first time in my life, I was totally stumped. I really wanted to do it. I studied with a Shakespeare scholar. I was beginning to realize

that I was playing catch-up ball in terms of my training. But I studied and did all my homework. I flew back to New York, and on the second day of rehearsal Papp canceled the production."

Dreyfuss takes another deep breath. "Papp said he had to fire the director and captain's first another one. I then asked his life. I literally said to him, 'You will not get out of this room alive unless you change your mind.' I was so pissed off at him, I couldn't see straight. He was running the year for twenty-four actors, all of whom had played on this, and/or, goddamn it, I went out and found three directors willing to step in and take over. But Papp said no, the production is canceled."

Another long pause. "What did this do to me? It was all right when I was at that moment—and I didn't fully understand this for a long time—was that it sent me right into the market. I had always had this fear that I was unbelievably lucky. Wonderful things have happened to me since I was little, regarding no effort. I wanted a test. I wanted to fight for something. The world was searching for something and to let me test myself anywhere. I thought, 'Well, I've finally worked for something put myself on the line, and they pulled it.'"

Dreyfuss starts to laugh. It is a tension-breaking laugh. "I have this theory I developed when I was a teenager about gay laughing mode. There are three two, usually loosey guys laughing in the cloak, drinking, and picking off and just waiting to give you infinite paralysis. Usually they give you infinite paralysis, but every once in a while they give you the Academy Award—but that's only to set you up for something really awful. So when Papp canceled the production, for no reason on earth, I started a demand that I really didn't understand for a year and a half. I left Papp's office, went directly to my lawyer, bought a bottle of Cognac, called a friend in New York, asked her if she had any traps, and disappeared into her bedroom for a three-day drinking, drugging, egg stupor that continued for a year and a half. Papp called a week after he canceled and wanted to know if I would be willing to do *Joe* as the park in the vacuum with him directing, and I told him to go—himself."

THE DARK HOLE

Dreyfuss descended further and further into his dark hole. His was called *Barry*. "None, I learned," says Dreyfuss, "that I did *Barry* because I thought it was the best writing I'd ever read in my life and because it was dangerous and a gamble, and all that attracted me. There is a school of thought that says I did *Barry* deliberately to submerge my career. Well, I don't believe that because when *Barry* was being read and discussed in groups, everyone loved it."

While Dreyfuss was in London making *Barry*, *Joe* was released and went through the roof. Spielberg, who had written *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* while he was making *Joe* and who had wanted Jack Nicholson to play the part of Ray Wender, saw a script as a friend to Dreyfuss to read. Dreyfuss read the script, loved it, and told Spielberg that he only wished he were ten years older. He really wanted the part but never thought he would get it, although he did start hanging around Spielberg's office, sticking in his head and asking him if he had made the part younger. Well, eventually Spielberg did, and Dreyfuss got the part. He finished *Close Encounters*, then starred in a stage production in Los Angeles of *The Tenth Man* while Spielberg was shooting *The Godfather Part II*. The day after he finished the film, he headed for the shoot.

I did strange talking about this to the media because it is such a personal thing, but I had lived a very happy life as an actor for fifteen years, and this suddenly the significant position an actor is in stepped for me and people started supplying feelings about how easily things had come to me, and I started to coast the position. I was in by drinking a lot, doing drugs, eating too much, being childish, denigrating my talent, and generally doing all the things that are not in my nature."

I had not anticipated the money. I had always had enough. I

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MERCURY CAPRI

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He walked away from *All That Jazz* ten days before shooting and did to Bob Fosse what Joe Papp had done to him earlier. His walk will cost him \$350,000.



In Close Proximity (1977)

admirer, like actors Robert DeNiro and Marlon Brando.

As to the reputation of being difficult to work with, this seems to be based on two incidents. One was when he was making the television pilot for *Cheers*. "I was terrible. I was difficult. I remembered, but I felt I had been laid out, chastised and corrected." The other time had to do with *Jaws*. He had finished the picture before he had even seen it. He felt that Steven Spielberg had been stabbed in the back by Universal and spoke

out. "I didn't know what I was talking about," he now says, almost lamely. "But I still think it is better to say what you think at the time and then retract it later if necessary than just to sit still and say nothing."

After Dreyfuss started psychoanalysis, he began production on *Five Bar Five*, a project very dear to him. He finished shooting the film and moved to New York. Frank Darabog was directing *Arthur Conner* at the Brooklyn Academy, and Dreyfuss had agreed to play Conner. "It is no coincidence that I did this production of *Arthur Conner* at that particular moment. I was trying to hole him from the inside, to happen around me by being not only an actor but a director of actors in a small production, in a production I was not going to make better, a production that was not going to be great."

Then he was the Academy Award. He was thirty years old. His own industry told him he was the best. He didn't expect to win, was not sure he deserved to win. Further confusion: He picked up his award, flew back to New York, started *Ocean's 11*, and then Richard Dreyfuss, the great, walked out on *All That Jazz*, a picture he was contractually obligated to do.

IN THE MONEY

All That Jazz, well? He grows quiet. He doesn't want to talk about it. He walked, he says, because of several factors. He was worried about playing a fifty-year-old man. Elliot Gould in *The Goodbye Girl*, actor that hangs late but overweight, is the actor guy is the actor. Suddenly I was going to be playing a real downer. Also, he was a challenge. But mainly the problem was the combination of Richard Dreyfuss and Bob Fosse. Bob Fosse is the director of *All That Jazz*, and the film is about his life. The two personalities just didn't click. Dreyfuss went to his screen for a week to think things over. He still didn't know what to do. Then I had this wonderful weekend. I spent four



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Dream Machines

"I have some money now, and I'm constantly checking to see if certain Republican ideas are awakening in me. I don't ever want that to happen."



IN THE GOODBYE GIRL (1977)

hours' evening at my brother's pool, and no one talked about me. I met a girl. I was feeling so good, and I suddenly knew what I had to do. I called my lawyer and told him to get me out of this. Dreyfuss needed time for Dreyfuss. He felt he's survived depended on it. So he walked. You can do that if you're a movie star.

Dreyfuss walked out of the project ten days before shooting was to begin. Pre-production work had been completed. The cast was set. He was, he did to prove, the writers, and others involved in *Ali: The Story*, what Joe Papp had done to him when he canceled *Jules Ceasar*. Dreyfuss's behavior not only caused severe mental anguish to all involved but cost Columbia the studio making the movie, \$750,000. Dreyfuss will be held accountable for that sum.

So, yes. Rob Reiner is right, almost. Little Rascal Dreyfuss is staging a comeback. He is trying. He is coping. His therapy is intense. *The Big Fix*, directed by Jeremy Paul Kaplan, is a wonderful little film, and Dreyfuss is terrific in it. And, at least for a while, it is the first time that Dreyfuss has appeared since he plays Moses Warr, a dope-smoking scion of the Seniors, turned private eye, trying to get his life together. Sound familiar? And Dreyfuss is already preparing for his next role, the sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*, in which Elliot Gelfond goes to Hollywood, becomes a big star, breaks out, and seems to do well with his success. The story doesn't begin until next year, and at the moment he wants no other projects.

And as for the politics and the money, go, well, it's complex, but Dreyfuss is trying—a little. "I had a friend, Stephanie," says Dreyfuss, "and we were sitting one night during the 1972 election. She told me she was going to vote for Nixon. Now, I could probably say any number of things at a certain moment in time for a certain kind of Republican, but under no circumstances could I vote for Richard Nixon, the worst man in the history of the United States. Stephanie and I had a big fight over the phone, and she said to me, 'Richard, when you get some money, you'll understand. I hang up on her and have never spoken to her since, and I have no desire to.'"

"I have some money now," continues Dreyfuss, "and I am constantly checking myself to see if that Republicanism is awakening in me. I know it's happened to some of my friends. I know I can vote for certain people, and I know that would help me retain my wealth by giving it to them. I don't want to do that. I also believe that if one does have an intelligent social awareness, one should exercise it. I've always had political awareness. I always wanted to be the man to give justice. I used

to say I was going to be an actor, then retire and be a senator from either California or New York, and then retire and teach history. I had it all planned out. But now I don't know what I want to be, but I do know I want to be the smartest and exercise my opinions as articulately as I can. It is a problem being rich, but you can learn to keep your head on your shoulders."

"I've learned about money. Money isn't money; it is a weapon. I took a way of people keeping you in your place. I used to say to my agent, 'What am I worth?' He might say \$50,000 and I would say, 'Well, ask for \$50,000 and just don't take anything less, and he would say, 'Richard, you won't get the part, that's not the way you deal.' So I ask for more and then breathe down, and I said, 'Well, I find that deplorable.' Well, my agent was right. With Julia, my agent said I was worth \$50,000. I told him to ask for this, and they thought terrible, that means we can have him for a buck and a quarter."

Dreyfuss has discovered a certain common denominator in his roles that he finds disconcerting. "I began to play out character with different lines, always come off as a bemused, evergent, face metabolism, artistic, verbal, fast-talking, slightly neurotic character. That's not the only kind of person out there. The thing that could happen to me right now is that I could not find my handle and not change and grow. Do I have the courage to find out just how good I am? No, I want to play *Alvin*. I have classical ambitions, and I am unprepared for them. I want to go to New York and start taking Shakespeare classes, voice training, things I should have done ten years ago to see if I have the ability to be great. Who knows? I'm silly. I might start with the clowns and find after three times I'll pass on them. I'll find that the thing is, it is not like I'll go back to being a writer or something. I'll go back to making films in a pitiful and a half dollars a crack. He shakes his head in bewilderment.

REALIGNING LIFE

By one of the plans flying to New York, it is fun to fly with movie stars. First class treatment all the way. Dreyfuss recommends to all that the film *Jules Verne's Steam*, and he settles back to read magazines. He flips through *Parade*, *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Life*, *Playboy*, and *Rolling Stone*. He turns the pages. "Enough of this!" he pulls out a magazine full of ads. "This is what I really want to look at." He turns the pages. "I have no interest in this," he points to a column made up of "or this," he points to a boat. "But this," he points to a gadget that looks onto a telephone. "I have no idea what this is or does, but I want it. And this," he points to a fancy piece of hardware that is a television, "and this," he points to a pocket calculator. "I'll never use it, but I want it." Dreyfuss is happy to be returning to New York and his new apartment. New York figures prominently in his climb back to mental health. This is the place where he'll resign his life. In Los Angeles he is too much the star. Everything is business. He is Richard Dreyfuss, the Academy Award-winning movie star. "In New York, I'm just what I am."

"I know I sound like an erst graduate, but I can't help it. Therapy has saved me. It has become the exciting journey. I didn't become an actor so I could be stupid and act like a jerk. I want to be the smartest, most sensitive person I can be in my life. I'd rather be smart than dumb. I'd rather be mature than immature. It's not easy."

The plane sets down in Newark, and Dreyfuss is met by friends. His face is all smiles. He is going back to New York again, this time for a new life. A place where he'll be nothing but just, his wife, and his eight-year-old son, and his dog, and his cat. He is happy. The people around in aren't even Americans. They're all Asians of some kind.

"Excuse me," says the Japanese woman at the next table, "are you Richard Dreyfuss?"

"No." "Yes?"

"Can we get your autograph?" "You were wonderful in *The Goodbye Girl*."

"Sure." "How did they know?"

"Oh, we're the cast of *The King and I*."

9 to 5: Nice and Easy

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The three-piece suit, once only for a banker's, has designer Alexander Julian has made a softer, looser suit with a sophisticated vest in his "Glenhead" plant, combining the traditional design in a new color range. \$415 at Wilkes Barre, San Francisco, Julian's College Shop, Chapel Hill, N.C.; Perkins Sherrin, Denver. Her clothes by Sal Cuccumini. The lounge chairs, upholstered in bright reds and pinks, are made about \$600 but from \$400 at Interiors, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York 10012.



With designer Calvin Klein's narrow lapels, slim, unconstructed tweed jacket, \$158, you can loosen your tie, \$22.98, in the job. The casual shirt is \$25, the vest is \$32.50, the wraparound pants are \$53. All at Macy's, San Francisco, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Diamonds, Phoenix. Her clothes by Calvin Klein. Both the green lacquer coffee table, \$375, and the red lacquer storage cabinet, \$1,347, are from *Alvaro*, 332 East Fifth-seventh Street, New York 10021.



The loosely-woven and -constructed guy tweed, double-breasted bow-tie suit, above, by designer Jeffrey Banks, has plaid pants for a more relaxed attitude in the office: \$250 at Macy's, New York; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Jirinsky Ltd., Chicago. Her jacket also by Jeffrey Banks. Even Harry Belafonte's 1950s was clear, above left, \$160 (or, gets a colorful treatment). The *Zero-Sixteen* pedestal table is \$399 list. Both from Knoll International, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

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My Favorite New York Restaurants

by Mimi Sheraton

Where shall we eat in New York? What is your single most favorite restaurant? These are the questions I am asked most often, and the ones I find most difficult to answer—difficult, that is, in fewer than 3,000 words. Generally, my answers are retained questions: "For what kind of food and in what sort of mood?"

Not only does my choice of a restaurant depend on the spirit of the moment, but it is made doubly difficult by the fact that New York's infinite gastronomic diversity—Korean City and even New Orleans past lives of a problem to work a question, but in New York there are choices to consider even if one is a parent who sticks only to the basic cuisine, Italian or Chinese food, steaks or seafood.

Restaurants that become my personal favorites do so first because of the food they serve, although even that vital requirement will not suffice if the prices are not close. The second consideration is service—that it be not only efficient but delectably personable and good-natured. Lastly, there is the atmosphere, or what is fairly casually referred to as ambience. Lastly, to a curiously chosen word for while I prefer to be in beautiful and elegant surroundings.

Mimi Sheraton is the restaurant critic for The New York Times. Dining out professionally nearly every night, she never gets a chance to visit these, some of her favorite places.



Food critic Sheraton prefers variety over consistency.

consistency: it is the requirement I am most willing to surrender in the interest of eating well.

All of these requirements permit room for stylistic differences. Food can be good whether it is home or humble, disorderly or elegant, and good service comes in many guises. It is just as likely to be accompanied by smiling and bright, coffee-stained students as by Swiss restaurant-school graduates whose professional politeness is so refined that it is not combined with overbearing timidity.

In addition to food, drink, ambience, and good service, the factors I do not want to see in a restaurant are any hints of the pressures or polemics.

Following is a list of some of my personal favorites. It is a private list of New York restaurants that I would go to for my own private dining. In such a list, I must also say that there are a few other New York landmarks I go to when "showing." Beauty is for the moment—21, for its concentration of powerful and prolonged clientele, Wyndham on the World for the dazzling view it affords. The Four Seasons, which is still the handsomest and most theatrical of all modern restaurants;

and Café des Artistes for the old-world airiness of its setting. All other great doctored food, but they are interesting primarily for what they are, less than for what they serve.

If I were forced, by some unimaginable stroke of fate, to pick the one and only New York restaurant I would have to live on for the rest of my life, my choice would have to be The Coach House (110 Waverly Place, [212] 777-8933). This is not to say that restaurant is my single favorite, but rather because of the variety of the types of the dishes, the magnificent manner in which most are prepared, and the handsome surroundings, it would be the least taxing and most satisfying dining choice.

There is a polished, nostalgic charm about this restaurant that was an old coach house belonging to the Wasmuth family. Brick walls, beautiful nineteenth-century English food and hunting paintings, fresh flowers, and the comfortable level of lighting all combine to make this a restful yet inspiring experience. Only one caveat is in order and should be pointed out from the start: The personnel at The Coach House has twin eyes shielded toward strangers whom they perceive to be up to their standards, and I have received more than enough mail attesting to the fact, although few complaints about the food. To be seated in one of the right corners or in the balcony (they would not be anyone's idea of a pleasant dinner), but otherwise, few restaurants in town can match the dining experience here.

Lois Lounsbury, the owner for close to

Below: The kitchen and serving staff of The Coach House, located in Greenwich Village, the author's choice of the place that would be the most "satisfying substitute."



thirty years, has struck the right balance on his menu, and the kitchen pays a careful attention to chicken pie, corn stacks, and Mississippi pecan pie as it does to the thick, delicious quiche. The kitchen staff is a mix of the best and the best, and the serving staff is a mix of the best and the best.

Soaps are exceptional, most traditionally the thick black bean agnoloni with lemon and olive oil of you eat for them and the garbiche. The only first course that is below just is the pain, and among meat courses, the only one I have consistently disliked are the two omelets with chicken and the Maryland crabmeat omelet with prosciutto, only because the heat becomes tellingly salty once heated.

Steak au poivre is a magnificent dark, vinegary beef steak, the finest thick cut with chorizo or green peppercorns, rack of lamb roasted down pink and topped with a garlic and parsley sauce, stuffed lamb chops, lamb chops, and most great ribs of beef are flawless. I wish everyone got the salad offered to special friends—the baby lettuce with thick slices and fish chives instead of the more usual standard. Pouched birds in a sherry tomato fish sauce would taste just as good as it might.

All that and reasonable desserts too—

the discovery of last night's marriage layers topped with mocha buttercream, the dark, buttery chocolate mousse cake, and the cannoli bread crusted with raspberry pieces and crisp (padding from torts all make one wish the entire meal could be built around dessert. There is no catering and original was far with an especially good selection in the \$10 to \$15 range.

Prices are high but worth it. The main courses on a la carte dinner menu range from \$12.50 to \$15.50 with complete dinners from \$12.50 to \$15.50. Lunch is no longer served, and, wonder of wonders, The Coach House is open Sundays.

French

When it comes to the cuisine of countries, two New York restaurants must be considered as standard: Le Cyprien (53 East Fifty-fourth Street, 718-5991) and Lucania (249 East Fifty-fourth Street, 718-2125). The first is currently the best French restaurant in New York, while Lucania is a very close second but with a far more sophisticated menu and elegant setting. André Schuch, the owner of Lucania, is probably the best chef in the city and one who works overtime to be creative. If

his batting average is slightly lower than that of Le Cyprien's, it is for two reasons—first, Schuch's creations are sometimes misguided or relatively bland. Second, unknown customers at Lucania do not usually get the usual extra-special personal dishes or regular, an extraordinary situation I experienced in I made my way from kitchens so known on these premises.

Le Cyprien could hardly be called a beautiful or elegant restaurant, but rather a stylish one, typically adorned with its graceful floral arrangements and its bold black-and-white wallpaper, made of a blowup of a three-dimensional, night-time photograph of Paris. Other than that, there is the usual New York club-by-jowl table arrangement, too much noise and a sense of frenzied activity when the place is full, even though the staff is impressively polite, and efficient.

The best specialties are the pint variations, the hot fish maitre d'hotel, and clams or oysters des journaux marinated under a drizzle of mushrooms and baked. All shellfish and smoked appetizer fish are lovely, as are the soups, and only

Right now, Le Cyprien is the best French restaurant in town. Lucania is a close second.

the characterful ambience Le Cyprien is downplaying, especially with its \$11 soups on the first-price dinner menu. Soups are extraordinary, most especially the fish soup with potatoes, the strip of duckling, and the lamb with the grilled sole with mustard sauce, and the poached bass with tarragon as good as I have ever had these dishes. The broiled pheasant, hazarded by a sauce that combined the complexity of flavors of green peppercorns, cream, and fish, is a dish I dream of well. Perfect vegetables with a slight coating of chutney, the plus du jour of meat tag of veal and stuffed lamb, and the best of which American will have seen in New York, and green beans with tarragon or olive that had none of the dryness that had often exhibits when incorrectly cooked was as magnificently rendered. Vegetables are prepared with precision as carefully done in the rest. The soufflés are magnificent—especially spinach soufflé, fluffy and very on the outside. Portion need work here, all except the whipped cream rug, pure butter, and the chestnut and whipped cream entremets known as Mont Blanc. Cheese and petits fours are also in top condition. The fixed price menu is \$15 and dinner is \$25.75. Lucania has a far more relaxing and

PALM BEACH



*Sushi bars in this film and cartoon on the right are part of the *Palms* on Second Avenue. Great food, but also tropical fashion dishes and the best chef's table in town.*

atmospheric setting, with tamed, well-tuned elegantly dressed patrons in a handsome old New York townhouse. There is an enclosed garden room that has been redone several times and that is pleasant enough but still not where I would want to sit. The dark-stained first-floor dining room, or the upstairs salons with their cotton-bathtubs are elegant and pleasant. Service is impeccable, when one is a regular.

It would be hard to find better Scotch whiskeys on these shores than is served here, and scotchies de fruits de mer—poached sausage of duckfish—as well as morsels of piquant in broche are among the most elaborate and successful appetizers. So are the palm and the puffy Alaska omelette. Swirling with peaches, bass filled with fish mackerel, an herbaceous braised chicken. Roast pork with mushrooms, and beef in a rich mushroom sauce are all excellent. But a number of other dishes—such as lobster, scallops of veal in sauce, and a duckfish soufflé—can be disappointing. Most meats served at *Palms* are exquisite, especially the orange bird, so are

the hot and cold soups.

Lunch is priced at \$15, but dinner is usually a la carte, with main courses from \$15 to \$16.75.

Steak

Certainly the *Palms* (835 Second Avenue, 647-2853) is my favorite steak house, but to leave the description of that would be totally inaccurate. For the *Palms* is not only a steak house but a unique institution that has neither bones or bones. In addition to its enormous range of meats, it offers Italian dishes and fish, so just nothing of its menu is not going for about \$12 each.

The style here is subtle, with understated on the floor, cartoons of the New York newspapermen who used to frequent the place, and many photographs being the only pass at any sort of formality. The Italian waiters are incredibly efficient, usually with a twinkle or two in their eyes, and the one big fire, each

waiter is a walking menu. For the *Palms* has no printed menu, an intimidating fact for newcomers who know neither the range of the kitchen nor the prices. All women will admit to steaks of various sorts, the city's best lamb chops, broiled fish and lobster, and roast beef. But will take the time to tell you about the classic Potage, the stuffed cockles (unfortunately with cocktail sauce already on them when they are served), the generally lovely soup of the day or that you can have marvelous squab with white or red chutney sauce or with garlic and oil.

Toronto and owners make the best salad, and though the broiled brown and Lorraine potatoes are perfection, nothing quite matches the duck, finally Braised rounds of cottage cheese, much like duck potato slices. In addition to broiled meats (including pork or veal chops), there are well-sautéed veal scallops of all sorts and at lunch good roast or corned beef hash. Two-cooked duck (served by waiters) are the beef à la Dutch—raw red cubes of beef with pepper and onions on noodles—and the brand-new braising

steak à la Stone—fillet steak in a hot of roasted potatoes with sautéed onions. The chicken of duck chicken Brans are masterpieces of graceless, gold leaf empanadas.

There is a whole city of duck chicken Brans for a slice. Also bring lots of money, as it can easily cost \$25 per fish with beefed vegetables. Shrimp is an appetizer, and more. Drinks are enormous, the menu changing, and the chicken includes a full set of New York chicken. *Palms* Too, across the street, is almost as good but somehow I feel out of it on the east side of the street.

If it were not for the *Palms*, I would be equally nervous about Chien Chien (160 East Forty-sixth Street, 687-3478) and at times, when I want peace, quiet, and or darkness, that is my choice. Certainly the steaks, potatoes, broiled chicken (served with sauce dumped on them), calves liver, broiled fish, bay scallops, soft-shell crabs, and Spanish salad are every bit as good as those at the *Palms*. But that is when Chien Chien stops. There are no Italian dishes on the menu, no service specialists, and a decor so stripped and



*This way for just a type of the sculptural, dramatic, and colorful presentation of sushi found at *Palms*—one of the nation's finest Japanese restaurants.*

highly lighted, it suggests the dining room of a museum hotel in Germany, not that the loyal and expert clientele seems to mind. Even so, the museum for dinner deserves an odd or two in its price. Entrance ranges from \$11 and up. Service is orderly, precise, and a good deal more precious than at the *Palms*.

Japanese

The most serious and authentic Japanese restaurant I have found in Kitchin, with its big, modern spires dining room where tables are a bit too close together and its private tatami room upstairs almost always reserved long in advance by the gastronomically Japanese clientele, happily spending its one-price dollars. This is no ordinary sashimi and tempura standstill, although many of these dishes are available. But since they can be had anywhere, time and money would be better spent at *Kitchin* trying their delicacies at lunch (sashimi—crisp, deep-fried chunks of pork, or *tsukiyaki*—marinated and grilled meat or fish with broiled vegetables). Shrimp is an ap-

petizer menu.

Soups are delicious, the tonyaki grill of steaks or fish are speckled with ginger and garnished with sweet sauce. There are also some very exotic, but not very good, things ranging from \$10 to \$40 a person, all containing a good deal of raw fish so fresh it might have swam onto the extremely decorated platters.

Other menu prices are moderate, with complete lunches going as high as \$8.90, while dinners go to \$9.90. A la carte menu comes down to \$2 and up to \$7.50. There is full bar service. Kitchin 22 West Forty-sixth Street, 575-5550. For sushi, I have *Shogun* (17 East Forty-sixth Street, 353-1345). It is a simple, modern, blood-warm affair, where the focal point in the dramatic sushi bar with its mosaic of stained wood, copper, and silver is a small, round, polished, and there are several fascinating appetizers that appear only on the Japanese side of the menu. Among these are the chicken *tsukiyaki*, a soft chicken can be set with ginger, green vegetables, mushrooms, fish, and shrimp and a salad of tuna fish bits garnished with fermented bean paste and set off by soy sauce, and more. Shrimp of raw fish broiled with a spicy sauce of lemon, salt, and soybean paste. There are small cold dishes that would not be a main meal or they may provide such but specialties as grilled plant stems or squid tentacles broiled is better. There is table service here, but the floor show really makes place at the sushi bar, where one can watch and marvel at the slight of hand performed by the master sushi makers. Drinks range from \$2 to \$6 at lunch, \$4.50 to \$8.50 at dinner.

The raw fish at *Kitchin* are so fresh, they might have swum onto the beautifully decorated platters.

pepper of speech lightly broiled in golden sesame oil, and you may also begin with a superbly marinated slice of salmon or tuna, which is usually salmon or tuna, accented by grated white radish, or broiled clams served with lemon and a

The New Star in Town

Le Chantilly zooms to the front ranks

Considering that Le Chantilly has been open only since May, I find a somewhat amazing that even as early a date, I rank this newcomer close to its more experienced haute cuisine competitors. Clearly, a new status in the gastronomic hierarchy and so with so many other fashionable, successful, and excellent French restaurants in the city, the owners were obviously Henri Soule. First at the late legendary Pavillon, later at Le Ciel Rouge, unfortunately long past its prime.

Paul Dubouché is the partner in charge of the dining room, while Roland Chénier works his magic in the kitchen. And though there are still a number of service pains and a few proprietors that need their tuning, Le Chantilly became quite profitably an instant hit with the crowd that makes events here mostly by its presence.

The reason for this success lies more with the food than with the setting, for while Le Chantilly has obviously been given a full and costly decorating treatment and is consequently sparkling and shiny, the details of that decor are dated and far outshined by the cooking. And without at the time of this writing, the florid arrangements and plants are utterly ordinary.

But choose the right soup or no peasant and from the first bite, even the old charms on the wall will seem to take on true authority. The "light" appetizers include the escargots, the rough textured and fragrant sautéed sea creature, the quiche à la crème. Entrees made with meat, fish, oysters, whether hot or cold, served simply or in great. If you need work to achieve real charisma,



The elegant interior of Le Chantilly—all work serving room fine

and the mixed hors d'oeuvres are out unless you specifically ask for such things as cold poached salmon or trout, marinated rumpsteak, and the *Provençal salad*.

There is no going wrong with the soups. Vol-au-vent, onion saffron, brightened cream of asparagus, and consommé were all exceptional.

It is hard to find grilling done so expertly as it is here, both for the sole anglaise and the beef pavlova; the latter served on both sides and should be but rarely at. Poached codfish with sautéed, crisp fried gougerettes of sole with a mustard hollandaise sauce, braised chicken with tarragon and roast duck that was a marvel of tender gracefulness were among the best main courses. But that is not to rule out the ray-rice rack of lamb, the broiled red snapper with woody wild mushrooms, and the delicate veal, with cheese and herb and sautéed-mushroom topping. It is also hard to find foie gras done as they are here—they are quite slightly raw, the broiled red snapper with woody wild mushrooms, and the delicate veal, with cheese and herb and sautéed-mushroom topping.

It is also hard to find foie gras done as they are here—they are quite slightly raw, the broiled red snapper with woody wild mushrooms, and the delicate veal, with cheese and herb and sautéed-mushroom topping. It is also hard to find foie gras done as they are here—they are quite slightly raw, the broiled red snapper with woody wild mushrooms, and the delicate veal, with cheese and herb and sautéed-mushroom topping.

Dishes that were not quite up to the main course were the beef with sauce Périgordaise and a stuffed trout of veal, a lamb chop de jour that had so much pungent vegetable stuffing, it was impossible to finish, and escargots de vigne was pretty because it had not been properly served. The only really bad dish was sweetbread, which arrived in a tray of lump, without any hint of the neces-

sary grilling that braising would have imparted, then covered with an undercooked cream sauce.

I have had a hard time leaving the desserts to the last, even in writing, because they are so delightful, garnishes both in appearance and in taste that once recognized they are all most worthy to begin with throughout the rest of the meal. Credit goes to Dietrich Schreiner, one of the city's most talented pastry chefs whose work was never done full justice as presented at Le Pénard, both Pék and Pék First where I thought the crisp-crusted raspberry tart was the number one winner. I tried the chocolate cake with cream and chocolate ganache filling, the layered black currant-custard cake, and, at last, the chocolate cake of genius enlaid with cold lemon soufflé. After that round, I knew my favorite pastry at Le Chantilly was whichever one I happened to be eating. A small exception perhaps was the puff pastry custards, which were a bit tough and the frozen desserts, none of which had any distinction whatever.

Such choices must be regarded as postscript to the feast. There is still neither brilliant finishing touch, the sweets alone, so perfect and jeweled they would not be out of place in Cane's kitchen—except of course, that they'd be eaten before they got their fix.

Lunch is priced fixed at \$10.50, set dinner, \$121.50. Coffee is extra. Le Chantilly is at 306 Rue Fitz-Roy, 751-2931.

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Thai

This newest of Oriental cuisines is also one of the most beguiling. The cuisine of the country formerly called Siam, like the country itself, is not halfway between China and India. There are Thai-style curries, which range from hot to hot-hot; stir-fried dishes, Malaysian broiled-meat satays, clear, watery soups laced with the scent of lemon grass and scented with shrimp and vegetables; rice bowls, golden shreds of crisply fried rice noodles tossed with vegetables and meat; frog's legs on garlic sauce; whole fish steamed or fried much in the Chinese style; cold and fiery salads of squid or beef brightened by tangy green chili peppers; spicy meat salads to be eaten on lettuce leaves; and spiced chicken that is broiled. It is an addictive cuisine, light but satisfying with a subtle mix-match of flavors such as peanuts and ginger, chili peppers and cucumbers, rice cucumbers and garlic, and the aromatic Chinese parsley, coriander. This very

best Thai food is in the most unsurpassing place—the lunch-meat-like Shue-Heip (344 North Avenue, 346-3240). In spite of the dilapidated exterior and the slightly tacky interior, it is bright and clean; the food is top-notch; and the prices, rock-bottom. A lot more expensive and far more atmospheric (quiet and patios of Thailand, dim lighting, colorful tapestries, and floral tablecloths) is Bangkok Cuisine (385 Eighth Avenue, 341-6778), close to the Broadway theaters. Unlike Shue-Heip, this more ethereal establishment offers full bar service, including the light and airy imported Thai beer. Aromas, which is especially suitable to this cooking. Dishes worth noting are the soups, the meat bowls, the satays, and the caramelized whole fish, as well as the basic specialty—a red-wine-braised combination of seafood and vegetables in a sheer, golden fish broth. At Krambep, try the incomparable barbecued chicken, the beef salad, the whole fried fish, and the pork balls in banana leaves.

Italian

Although Manhattan abounds in Italian restaurants at every level of elegance, at all price ranges, and speakeasies in food that is heavily southern or casually Frenchified and northern, my own first choice is for a high, wide, and gaudily kitsch Neapolitan restaurant, improbably located in Coney Island, in Brooklyn: Gargulo's (7911 West 161st Street, 346-8944) is a startling surprise at this broken-down site and much like the lights, airy, and formally operatic local restaurants one finds all over southern Italy. Waiters wear black coats and formal trousers; the atmosphere is informal. Golden dressers and a few gaudy chandeliers complete the effect. This is a favored hangout for local politicians, who like the site of the clientele may be dressed to the nines or down to their shaggy sport shirts. The Sicilians, large and lively Italian families gather for weekly feasting, carefully diluting wine with water for children.

Just about everything is made on these

Kelley, right, works at Bangkok Cuisine. Thai food is the latest rage.



**Gargulo's is a
 surprise in run-down
 Coney Island. It is
 Neapolitan cuisine
 at its very best.**

premises, including the incredible mozzarella, all pastas, and pizzas. Baked clams, mozzarella with sliced roasted peppers, the same cheese fried in a crisp batter (incredible in carrots), and a tender, lemon-seafood salad with squid and shellfish are the best appetizers. Skip soups and opt for pasta such as the famed farf di Ettore (in sauce of tomatoes and onions), the incomparable lasagna, cannelloni, and ravioli or try lobster on the menu, for that matter. Lobster baked cannelloni style, shrimp marinara and red sausage Livornese with no potatoes, and capers and ripe Mezzetta meat olives are fresh and deliciously prepared. The best meat main courses are the beef Neapolitan Scoppione—beef rolls filled with mozzarella and parmesan, then grilled and finished off with sautéed mushrooms—the slightly pink and juicy grilled veal chop, and the pork-and-lemon-scented sautéed chicken scamporda. Veal and sausage are slightly less exciting, but bread and all vegetables are wonderful, as are the fruit platters, the peaches in red wine, and the creamy cheese-filled cannelloni gaudiosi lightly sautéed with oil of olives. Even the cheesecake here is of unusual lightness. This is a huge place, and with the private rooms filled, it seats 500, all under the



The superb dim sum (dumplings) selection at Hoi Seng Pung Teahouse

a long way toward conquering the winter that you ride the kitchen's best effort, something that should not be necessary but that, unfortunately, is, especially at large, "fancy" upstairs places.

In most Chinese restaurants, you must insist on authentic fare. It helps if you use chopsticks.

As fashionable as much Chinese food is currently, my single favorite New York Chinese restaurant is Cantonese but a far cry from the more brutal fare that lured mostly migrant. The Yee Luck Rice Shaggs, in Chinatown, is a large, sparsely decorated, brightly lit place with two large dining rooms, yellow plastic tablecloths, Chinese signs on the walls announcing the daily specials, and a clientele that is not purely Chinese. Prices are undeniably low for any extraordinary food (excepting only the commonplace dishes already warned against).

Fish and seafood lovers will find happiness in such elegant, gently cooked dishes as the moist, ocean trout flounder with saffron and ginger, the crisp of pork shrimp deep-fried with cracklings of pepper, the crisp deep-fried, whole sea bass broiled with slivers of vegetables and adrift in a sauce thick with ground pork, or the variety of shellfish nestled under the saucy black bean sauce—little black crabs, lobster, or crabs.

Peking golden chickens—a whole bird, non-gold, silver, better when it is just the dust of parchment crispness, as it is not dry—deep-fried squab, and skinned white meat of chicken with vegetables are among the best poultry dishes. Also worthwhile are the chicken of pork in fermented black bean sauce and the rice,

tender slices of beef with firm, light broccoli in a velvety and pungent apricot sauce.

There are no desserts on the menu and no soup worth the stomach room it would require. Take your own tea or wine and leave the bill with a little corner margin from about \$2.75 to \$3.50 (dinner dishes a group of four can eat themselves into sublime inebriation for about \$8 a person, and even less if you order the fixed-price lunch menu, an absolute where in Chinatown). Saturday night is a jam-packed disaster. Yee Luck Rice Shaggs, 37 Bayard Street, 371-1375.

Dim sum, the traditional Chinese breakfast or lunch made up of a assortment of steamed and fried dumplings filled with shrimp, crab, pork, beef, or chicken, is a specialty at the Hoi Seng Pung Teahouse (more popularly known by regulars as HSF). Wonton cuisine with trays of these delicious dumplings, pastries, as well as soft shrimp balls, fried crab claws, warm and soothing broiled meat dishes, and rice paper skins, a culinary miracle of ground shrimp as a butterfly's wing of mystery-white rice paper. Just keep passing to the items that interest you, then finish up on Chinese favorites like, with a dish of seafood and vegetable-strewn pan-fried noodles. Steamed buns with sweet pork or plant filling past for dessert. This is a great way to have fine early morning and late afternoon, but it is most fun around noon on Sunday, when you share your tables with Chinese families. This downtown branch of HSF is preferable to the good-as-newer upstairs on the East Side. Prices are low, and there is full bar service. Hoi Seng Pung Teahouse, 46 Boreway, 374-8119.

Not all of the good Chinese food is restricted to Chinatown. The uptown, East Side restaurant that has proved itself most capable in recent months is Peng's. Prices, of course, are roughly triple or quadruple those downtown, but there are some fancier and more intricate dishes

available—and just think of the real estate you are occupying.

Peng's is a large and roomy setting where only the tables far two are uncomfortably crisscrossed. The decor might best be described as modern pagoda with plenty of lacquer red in view. Large parties may have privacy in the separate dining rooms that border the main areas. The food is derived mostly from the province of Hunan, and some of the exceptional dishes prepared here by the master chef include a complex mixture of vegetables, meat, and dried crust suggesting duck skin all wrapped in a crisp, foil packets of snowy steamed chicken, crispy fried shrimp balls, broiled chicken in chili sauce, and a rich beef with sweet sauce steamed in bamboo cups. Food is both spaced here, as it should be, and fast plates should bow to the wonderful but secondary General Tao's chicken; the large, firm pieces in chili sauce; and the braised squid, also in peppery dressing.

Milder but no less satisfying dishes are the dry sautéed shrimp, beef with pork, broccoli in garlic sauce, dragon and phoenix (chunks of glutinous fresh lobster and chicken), and the eventually performed, mouthwatering, complex, uncooked duck, (Hunan) fried in eggplant in a honey glaze are a little tough on the budget but eat on the public. There is full bar service, a formal and efficient staff, and up to a come dinner menu with prices from \$4.50 to \$10.00. Peng's, 319 East Party-dance Street, 683-8849.

Mittel-Europa

Original food is not the only gastronomic lagoon New York has to offer. For there is a group of Czech, Hungarian, and Jewish-Romanian restaurants moderately priced yet complete with clean, attractive tablecloths, professional service, pleasant surroundings, engaging atmosphere, and hearty, native food less used to fall, winter, and early spring. The Czech cuisine is driven about by its bulky soups, its pickled herring and head cheese appetizers, its grossiest, cheap roast duck or goose and golden beer of pork, some game and gently broiled chicken specialties as well as by its light, porous bread dumplings that sink up rich gravies, its red cabbage and unadorned complement. Rac, 1012 East Seventy-second Street, 498-0111 has a big, terraced open garden in summer and in winter is confided to a small, cozy, well-lit, crowded dining room. The food is being well-fried good spirits. Crump has solid, lamb dash kebabs, and beautifully fried calves' brains are done with here is seldom in the Czech specialties already noted. Complete dinners range from \$4.75 to \$9.95.

Czechoslovak Praha (1318 First Avenue, 964-3300) has a handsome, more luxurious interior, more formal service,



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Ontario  **Canada**

and a duck thrust that included soap, wash, the thick leani legs, pants, or boxer drawers, and a desert, such as the coarse polynesian or the stannum trousers enclose every place. Considering the quality of the half stick and all the other things, it is not surprising that the best buy is the empty dry. Other good deals at Jinks are the rabbit brains in a packet, cattle brains, stuffed cabbage, and paprika-branched Serbian goulash. Frying new loaves must be desired.

Somewhat secondarily, Hungarian cuisine is a little bit of a makeshift food, much of it made in place. The dramatic and handsome is the new, improved Red Tap (406 East Seventy-third Street, 734-4895 or 406-0337). There is a stunning array of peasant-style woodcock, lovely cured and poached meats, soups, stews, and a wide variety of colorful, cloth-covered, and polished, and silverware, and pillows, and linens.

High-backed booths, white wine, and moxy, curvy, strolling gypsy-style struts with the traditional *northern* tradition complete the theatrical backdrop. Being here is like being part of a huge and very moxy house party, so cruise it off your lips if an intimate sit-in-bite is on your mind. Service has been wildly uneven, especially on crowded weekends. The velvetier beef gulyas, with its burnishing of paprika, is good as a soup or a stew (although a bit short on beef for the latter), and both are luscious with sweet-

bites and the chewy, dampled dumplings, *supper*. A tomato-and-sour cream sauce does just right by the pork-and-rice and stuffed cabbage on a bed of *cruciferous*, and both breaded fried mushrooms and Debevoise sausage with horseradish and mustard are wonderful if filling appetizers. Duck with curcuma-flavored red cabbage, chicken paprikas, veal stew in sour cream, well-broiled trout, and roast

For affordable meals with distinguished cooking, try the Czech, Hungarian, and Roumanian spots.

chicken with an herb-bread and chicken-liver stuffing are delicious. Not so the *serheng* (stuffed and stewed dumplings). The *crepes*, *polenta*s with *pepy* (seeds or cheese), are better desserts than the bread *poisons*. Moderate and interesting wines include the dry, straw-colored *Tokay Szarvaskő* and the red *Ezer Évszer*. Both \$8-56 a bottle. Male *causars* range from \$5 (for egg noodle with cottage cheese, sour cream, and *buczo*) to \$7-50 (for herbal rack of lamb, which is rarely available). All are copiously portioned and garished.

There are several Jewish-Romanian, Romanian restaurants in New York, but among them only Sarmy's Jewish-Romanian Restaurant (157 Chrysanthe Street, 673-6530) achieves a really distinctive style and brio. If the thought of going to this depressing part of the city makes you off, you'll feel better to discover the double-parked Cadillacs, Lincolns, and Jaguars part outside, and a clientele made that ranges from thriceborn young lovers to politicians and actors and fashionable-dressed women.

The menu runs the classic gamut from broiled chicken livers with unborn eggs tied in a flambéedly good eggplant salad with chunks of tomatoes, onions and green peppers to the ground-beef sausage karamizlak breaded with garlic, sautéed radish, chopped white or crispy fried onions, pitchers of chicken fat and blue bottles of soliste on every table—

those in rational portions would consider making more than twice a year but a wonderful caloric and cholesterol blow-out about that often. Boiled beef with or without a mushroom and barley garnish, plate-size rib steaks or tenderloin, duck breasts or *Brasasaurus tendronis*, braised veal with rib chops that look as though they should be carved and shared by everyone at the table, and the only really good stuffed skins (trilled after being sliced) I have ever had are all here. Skip the stuffed cabbage and chicken fricassee and pot roast. There are too many kinds of

[illegible]

one is torn between laughing and crying

Appetizers are as intriguing as the rest of the menu, with hard, garlicky sausage served with shrimp ripe curls, stuffed mushrooms, and a refreshing salad of sugar snap peas, and a refreshing salad of sugar snap peas, and a refreshing salad of sugar snap peas.

range from \$7.95 to \$7.95 at lunch, \$3.95 to \$7.95 for dinner.

Given the fact that its prices are staggeringly low and its menu strictly vegetarian, it's only a quick matter to find it, as it is in the heart of the city, just a short walk from Midway Woodlands (7310 East Forty-fourth Street, 960-0615) with a real sense of desperation. But the ingenious combinations of flavors—the chili pepper, the cooling yogurt, the tangy tomatoes, the earthy spices such as cumin, coriander, cayenne, cumin, the snap of bright red bell peppers—combined by the golden brown lentil—make chili a more than enough to make up for the menu's restriction to vegetarianism. The food is garnished with wonderful vegetable cauli-corn, carrots, and green onions, and the thin crispies (dough), the busy soy sauce, and the light, Indian-style puff (pooruri). Bread is served and almost always eaten with the food. The food is pure pudding sprinkled with rosewater and almonds, is the best dessert. There is full bar service, interesting soft-drink-glazed pork ribs such as Indian kani, and meat courses that range from \$4.75 to \$10.95. The lunch menu is \$4.95 to \$6.95. The selling suggestion is slightly soy-soaked lentils with Indian accompaniment by way of hot food for meals, twice at the door, and strong alcoholic drinks. Service is excellent. The hotel lobby should be served better—no temperature, that is. ☐

Random Samplings

Rio de Janeiro (41 West Fifth Avenue, 905-1212) is a no-frills newcomer to the New York scene, bringing with it a booming and well-prepared army of Brazilian and Portuguese food in a place with a heavily commercial setting full of tropicalized wallpaper and those fancy chandeliers at modern prices and with a staff so sincerely intent upon pleasure

Sammy's French-Burmese Restaurant offers great style and brio for an occasional cabaret chocolate-filled blowout



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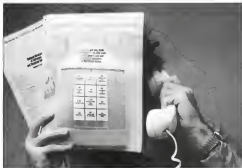


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Knowing Where To Look

Be the first kid in your executive suite to get business data fast



by Stephen Kindel

Nobody likes a know-it-all, right? So how come it's always the best-informed, most knowledgeable people who get ahead in the business world, while you lag behind to confusion? The answer is, they know how to research their problem's properly and expeditiously, and you don't.

In the professions, everybody knows that good research skills are essential to success. Lawyers wouldn't move without consulting their casebooks. Even experienced physicians constantly thumb

through their *Physician's Desk Reference* for reminders on dosages and prescriptions. And engineers and scientists are trained from the start to know that every problem requires thorough, methodological study before an answer can authoritatively be given. But in that gray area called management, research skills are rarely defined.

Basically, there are two problems that get in the way of management research. The first is that managers are a diversity of education, but their research tools consequently reflect their past education rather than their current needs. The second great hurdle is that managers don't understand the tasks their reference books are supposed to perform. Every journalist knows the difference between

fresh from the horse's mouth primary information and secondary sources, but most managers rely on their reference books for data, which, because of the lapse between publication time and sale, is almost always old. Having a shelfful of old, out-of-date references just doesn't compare with having a handy telephone and a few books that tell you exactly where to get what you need now and in its most up-to-date form.

To help you improve your primary digging skills, which should in turn help you make better decisions, here are nine books that taken separately or together can direct you to the answer to almost any problem. All should be on your "must have" list and are more than worth the price of a month's square lunches or a

Stephen Kindel is a contributing editor of *First European* magazine.

Photograph by Matthew Allen.

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Jimmy Carter three-martini lunch. If you're still worried about the cost, remember: Esquire books and journals are not disposable. We track them below you the Esquire. Also, you can often get your company to pick up the tab if you have no expense account.

I can't guarantee that you'll be president of your company in a year if you own these books, but you'll be in close contact with your imagination, intelligence, and initiative. And without them, you probably wouldn't even know where to start.

5. The National Directory of Addresses and Telephone Numbers: Telephone books in general are highly recommended primary research tools, but this one, produced and edited by Stanley Greenfield, struts up some close to 90 million numbers from around the country. Suppose one of your company's subsidiaries gets into trouble for polluting its local river and gets slapped with a lawsuit. The directory gives you the names and numbers of all regional, federal, state, and local environmental authorities in the plant's area, so the home office can find out the exact problem and how best to deal with it. For interpretation, such as locating last elements, it lists various freight offices and trucking line offices on a city-by-city basis. And for tracking down lost people in airports, bus stations, railroad terminals, hotels, and hospitals, the National Directory can't be beat. (50-55, Barnes Books Inc., Department D08-32, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Available at most bookstores or from the publisher.)

3. International Directory of Published Market Research: Your company is considering an acquisition in the food-processing business and wants to know what the total market looks like—specifically, meat packaging. This is the directory that will tell you if anybody else has ever looked into this same problem and how to get their survey results. It contains over 4,000 listings of published research brokers down by the British Industrial Classification system and lists studies done internationally as well as locally. It is essential for strategic planning, new product development, acquisitions, report preparation, and most business work up strategies and will help you avoid years of unnecessary duplication of existing work. (\$19.95 by mail from Urdine Corporation, 375 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. New York residents should add \$3.29 for tax and handling. Payment should accompany order.)

5. Sales & Marketing Management Magazine's Survey of Buying Power: If your boss suddenly wants to know the size of the men's and boys' shoeing market in Bayo County, California, this is the book that would have this information.

The astounding thing is how much business research is needlessly duplicated: Most of what your company is likely to need is already known, and much of it is available at little or no cost.

The Survey gives data on other consumer markets, the annual income of consumers in every county and cities with populations of more than 40,000. The Survey has been published every year for almost fifty years. (540 Sales & Marketing Management Magazine, 615 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Payment must accompany order.)

4. A Researcher's Guide to Washington: The federal government is the world's largest single source of information, both in the form of statistical data and in the personal experience of government analysts. Even better, much of this data, being so funded, is either free or costs so little that it may as well be free.

The guide, which is specifically geared to people who need information on markets, their competition, federal legislation and policy, and general government and social problems, contains a complete General Services Administration telephone directory, cross-indexed by agency as well as by subject. It also has information on every government department, room and what information is contained therein, a list by agency and area of contact of over 1,500 key government personnel, and documentation by function on all congressional constituents and how to get information from congressional researchers. (399 Washington Researchers, 910 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.)

5. The Encyclopedia of Associations: Americans are an association-forming people and this guide gives a full description of more than 15,000 organizations in the United States. It summarizes the current work of the organizations, its research interests, and the people in the organization who can provide help for specific problems.

Since most organizations collect information from a multitude of related sources, this reference is one of the better starting points. Also, your company is almost surely a member of its own industrial associations, so the information the group has is available as part of your company's membership privileges. (575 Gale Research Company, Book Tower, Detroit, Mich. 48216.)

6. Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory: Another trove of experts who can often provide quick answers to specific problems are journalists themselves.

particularly trade publication or journal editors. Ulrich's lists more than 60,000 titles and gives an address and editor or a publisher's name for each, so that information is again only a phone call away. The listings are broken down by subject headings and subheadings, and many publications are cross-referenced. If you can't find what you are looking for directly, you can often find it through a different heading. (577-50, R.R. Bowker Company, 1180 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10026. Payment must accompany order.)

7. Guide to American Directories: Rather than trying to own every directory, own this one, which lists by contents more than 6,000 directories and over 300 national publications, and connects the companies. Again, once you find the subject heading you need, check whether the directory, instead, call the publisher or a library and ask them for that information. (345 E. Kline Parkway, P.O. Box 8561, Coral Springs, Fla. 33065.)

8. Research Grants Directory: Universities are vast repositories of manpower, so use them to your advantage. This publication lists several thousand university and other nonprofit research organizations that do work in agriculture, business, conservation, education, engineering and technology, government and law, and practically anything else you can think of. Most information is free or has a low cost if a large study is required. One warning: The best way to get information from a university research center is to have a specific question, otherwise you are likely to get burned by dense, 654-Grade Research Grants. Book Tower, Detroit, Mich. 48216.)

9. Industrial Research Laboratories of the United States: One of the best sources of technical research is likely to be your company's own lab or, more likely, your competitor's. You can get information from them only if you know where to call. This guide lists facilities by what they do, by industrial category, and geographically and contains a listing of relevant personnel of each lab and what the lab has recently published. Telephone numbers and addresses of each lab are included. (365 Jacques Cartier Place, R.R. Bowker Company, 1180 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10026.)

"There was no way to tell, looking at me, that I had \$367 in the bank. Three-piece white linen suit, blue stripe shirt, white silk tie and mahogany loafers with under-stuffed tassels that Gucci would have said he had for Maybe Dixie would hire me to stand around and dress up the place. As long as I kept my coat buttoned you couldn't see the gun."



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FACTORY FURNISHINGS

The office and the hospital also yield alternative products

by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin

Contemporary-design historians see the history of chairs over the last two hundred years as a gradual progression toward ever more modern construction techniques—from the eighteenth-century tongue and groove to the nineteenth-century bentwood, early twentieth-century bent metal tubing, 1940s molded plywood, and 1960s molded plastic.

But there is another way to look at the industrial revolution's impact on seating design. It can be seen as having spawned a whole new set of furniture types shaped by new ways of life, new modes of travel, and new job categories. The machine age gave us the typist's chair and the sewing-machine chair, adjustable stools for factory workers and draftsmen, chairs with reclining arms for students, and a whole pecking order of office chairs, now defined as executive, managerial, and operational, that are being designed systematically—according to human engineering principles—as well as hierarchically—the executives get the best seats, and the mail and file do without arms. Other by-products of the machine age are

institutional chairs, which can be bolted together to make an instant auditorium or stacked to make room for a dance floor, folding bleachers for instant gymnasiums, and lock-in-the-wall benches and tables for instant dining rooms. There are bolted-to-the-floor stools for easier cleaning in restaurants and swivels on the stools to facilitate faster exits from fast-food counters. There are reclining chairs for around-the-world flights, stand-up chairs to lean on in factories—demanded by German engineers—and all-steel swivel chairs that give a laboratory-clean look to rooms.

Many of these chairs could work well at home—as ideas that was embraced fifty years ago, when Le Corbusier, the Swiss architect, first suggested that this equipment would be the ideal home furnishing. One of his uncompleted projects was to adapt the secretarial chair to the living room. Why not? We ask today, forgetting how class-conscious dining rooms used to be about chairs as well as guests. But today, there is a new open-mindedness about all categories of furniture. Worktables—the artist's drafting table, the office desk, factory tables—are finding their way into the residential landscape too.

SEATING

Chairs are the bread and butter of the residential furniture industry, which is ripe for residential furnishings. In the past century, most of the production and design innovation in seating has come out of the commercial environment or forced acceptance there. For the three-wheeled chair on casters in the office, the stacking chair in institutions, the swivel bar stool in fast-food restaurants. It took 100 years for the Thonet bentwood chair of the 1850s—the first mass-produced machine-age chair—to find its way out of cafés and restaurants, where it started its career, into residential dining rooms. Today, chairs are engineered for worker efficiency as much as for ease of production—the draftsman's stool, the computer operator's work chair. Why not use them at the dining table?

Excerpted from the forthcoming book **MODERNISM**. The Industrial Style and Modern Design for the Home by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin, designed by Walter Dreyer, is published in November by Clarkson Potter Publishers, distributed by Crown Publishers Inc. Copyright © 1990 by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin.



L&L Products Corp.'s (1232 Lanning Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10460, 212-682-5400) bolted-to-the-floor counter stool is about \$125.

Stand-up seats like this are required in German factories: \$60-70 each from the Vandervelde Corp. (119 Doran Avenue, Livingston, N.J. 07039, 201-992-4286).



Swivel designers Mark Kvinn had some old theater seats repurposed for lighting designers: Julek Fluter and Paul Korman.

Drafting stools—usually seen in architectural offices, come with or without backs. The one above left is \$30, the one at right, \$65, from Chatterer (51 Olympia Avenue, Woburn, Mass. 01801, 617-835-6000).



Folding, with curved seat that is cased back and seat, \$47 from L.E. Bean Inc. (Peapack, N.J. 08632, 201-865-3111).



Designers (111 Kiva Road, Corbush, N.J. 07072, 201-665-5563) typing chairs are used as a dining room by *Feinco/Red Associates*. Table legs are from the *Deutsche Cup* 2 (130 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022, 212-675-9634) display system.



Left: Bloomfield Industries' (4548 West 47 Street, Chicago, IL 60632, 312-254-7600) cart is \$134 or Manhattan Ad Pro (340 Lexington Avenue, N.Y. 10017, 212-752-5448)



Bea-Schulte Design used a round restaurant pedestal (\$90.50 list) from L&L Products Corp. (5232 Laramie Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10468, 212-682-9400) as a table base at this elegant Chicago home

New York designer Bruce Burrows' bar cart and buffet table with centers is a hospital stretcher table, \$170.95 from Manhattan Industries (Two Rivers, Wis. 54981, 494-793-1121), a manufacturer of hospital equipment

TABLES

Mobile tables, manufactured for use in hospitals, factories, restaurants, and institutions, are made to stand up to hard wear. They are available with adjustable dividers, adjustable-height tops, locking centers. Plexiglas domes for food display and service; electric receptacles built in that make them ideal for use as slide and movie projection tables; and even clip on bars and baskets. All materials-handling equipment catalogs include rolling tables, as do catalogs for medical supplies, rehabilitation equipment, office supplies, and beauty parlor equipment. Factory workbenches and restaurant pedestal table bases are also being discovered and used by designers.



Arthur H. Thomas Co.'s (PO Box 779, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101, 215-374-4300) lab cart is \$195

Lyon Metal's (PO Box 87, Aurora, IL 60507, 312-892-8941) assist table is about \$178





Architect Paul Rudolph suggested tractor and airplane tires as an unusual seating solution for this vacation house being retooled. (Here, there had been concrete tires upholstered in clean, white-upholstered material. Small foam pillows were added for back support.)

CONVERSIONS

Most of the items in *MCM TECH* are shown doing the same job essentially that they did originally, but on these two pages are "conversion"—an industrial item doing something different from what they were designed to do. Coffee grinder lamps and washbasin-cover table tops have given conversions a bad name, but there are times when the end transcends the means. Wheel hubs, available from any tire shop, make excellent occasional tables, so do the wooden pallets that are extensively used in the warehousing industry as trays (later being loaded with goods, they are moved by forklift trucks).



Bentford's 14-inch-high espresso-holder base doubles as a mobile coffee table. Order it for \$49 at Fuller Craft Furniture Corporation 161 East 37 Street, New York 10022 (212-666-2363).



When photographs of Peter M. Furr found an old cast-iron gear on the street he turned it into a telephone table.

Aspen on Kew-Fur (1200 N. Hamilton Blvd., South Plainfield, N.J. 07080) 201-961-8800 makes these tables and a half-inch aluminum wheels about \$75 each. They are easily topped with glass and turned into occasional tables. Other sizes are available.

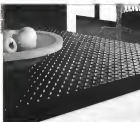


MATERIALS

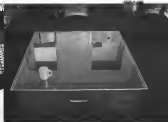
If we had to choose one material that symbolizes the spirit of high-tech and the industrial aesthetic, it would be steel dock plate. It has evolved in the last 100 years from a woven-ribbed pattern—developed as a raised surface for use in the boiler rooms of coal-burning ships—to a raised

Left: Designers Robert Bray and Michael Schaubel covered a chef's berth with dock plate that doubles as a table.

diamond-pattern in the 1930s, to the raised multidirectional four-way Diamond Floor Plate pattern designed in 1932 by Leon Lieberman, an amazing design hero. This four-way pattern was a success not because of decorative reasons but because it allowed the steel to be laid in any direction without a disruption of the pattern. How many times a day do you walk on a city street over a cellar door made of this ubiquitous material? Two other commonplace materials—Sonotubes (Ray Korman used for pouring concrete columns) and wire glass—can also be used effectively in the home.



Also: Read a four-way Diamond Floor Plate, as seen in the detail above, in the material used by Bray & Schaubel Design & Art from Buckle Iron and Steel Co. (Buckie Avenue and 21 Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101, 212-626-1800).



Designer Joseph Post of New York City traditionally used a window for privacy and fire resistance to work as the top of a coffee table. Look in your local Wilson Paper and Glass. The material costs about \$4 a square foot.



Although it doesn't hold anything up, this group of Sonotubes from Sonoco Products Co. (Waverly, S.C. 29150, 800-360-2000) lends a structural quality to the San Francisco apartment by interior designer Ronald Gray.



Designers Robert Bray and Michael Schaubel used a tapered Sonotube from RAW Equipment Corp. (35-21 122 Street, Flushing, N.Y. 11354, 212-464-3286) as a freestanding screen for a TV and endtable racks in this bedroom.

What you want, it's got.



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ZENITH
The quality you can
believe the name Zenith.

Two years ago, with a crazy joy, Mark Fidrych pitched in packed stadiums. Now they tell him he can't even pick up a baseball.

by Thomas Carney

I don't have to take the limousine service to Lakeland because my daughter's license is four years expired and Marta won't rent me a car. The limousine service is a Dodge van with weak air conditioning.

I am dropped off at the Holiday Inn Central in Lakeland, spring training home of the Detroit Tigers. The night before, the Rolling Stones kicked off their American tour in Lakeland. They came to the Civic Center, played for ninety minutes, and left.

I take a walk in the early evening. The sidewalks are clean and wide, but I am the only person on them. Cars tick by in the silver heat. Roadbugs flash like beetles through the heavy air, done soon. I am the only adult in Lakeland without a car.

Just dinner in the Panchito Mexican restaurant at the Holiday

Thomas Carey is an outfielder in the amateur Canada League, which plays in New Bell's Crystal Park on weekends.

The Prosciutto Room has typical chicken caudles and plastic tomato baskets hanging from the ceiling. There is a *Bistrot de France* & *Vaucluse* in the Prosciutto Room and a *Cucine* with plants and handpainted frantically arranged on the walls. I am looking for Mark Fairclough—the third, right-handed pitcher for the Detroit Tigers. Two years ago, taking in baseballs, hand-crafting the mound, clearingland his infielders, Fairclough wore number nine for the Tigers and became a national celebrity. Since then, he lost his arm.

The Tiger front office told me Filmych is staying at the Holdup Inn Central. He isn't. Apparently they are too depressed to know where he really is. The armistice is serious, and a comeback might not be in the cards.

Jack Humel, in shorts and shower caps, sits in a webbed beach chair on the field house porch at Jaker-Mareham Stadium, home of the Lakeland Tigers, the Class-A Detroit Tigers farm team. The doors are open for the breeze, and in the locker room, a huge fan the size of an airplane propeller whirs in a wire cage. I have just missed Mink Pelech

Howell is a large, pleasant man who worked twenty-one years for the Detroit Tigers, one for the Oakland Athletics and Charles Finley, and then eight for the Los Angeles Dodgers. When the Tigers called about Polychuk, Howell was retired, living with his wife in Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

Jack Hugel specializes in a heavy massage very similar to ruffing. He works entirely with his hands to relax, relieve, and restore muscles through deep manipulation—his fingers going more than an inch into the skin. Twice a day, Mark Pedrych sticks his right arm up to the shoulder in 119-degree water for five minutes and then rubs it to a Jack Hugel massage.

When I arrive at the field house in the afternoon, Fedrych is

already on the rubbing table, his face to the wall. Homel is leaning his shoulder, which glimmers with baby oil. The vet is standing on Homel's nose, on Polydyk's thorax, leaning loose off the table. This is a hard work. Polydyk occasionally looks one foot over the table edge, a slight twitching movement, a silent endurance of pain. Bits of sweat drop off Homel's face. At times he pulls Polydyk and the table right across the floor.

"Close, loose, be loose now, relax."

Rock music, very loud, from Pridrych's portable radio lurches tempo to the flashy, clapping sounds of massage. Hanel complains about the music, working at me. I introduce myself to Pridrych, who barely lifts his head.

Later, after Homel has finished the message, I tell Haidrych why I am there. He turns from the training-race refrigerator and stares at me.

"I don't want anybody hanging out with me. I ain't down here."



For that. This is my time now, and I don't want anybody around. You understand? I sit I down here to answer questions."

¹ I mean it a very thing, you know.

Fidrych pops open a beer. I get a beer out of the refrigerator myself. I wander into the locker room, where Homel is drying off after his shower. Fidrych has his arm on the hot bath. Homel looks at me, and I think my head, which seems to be enough, and I wonder if he knows all along. Fidrych wouldn't talk.

I am standing with Bloom, and Polyrch comes out of the whirlpool room, her right arm flanked red. He leans up against the wire-fine cage and begins to talk, to enter into a conversation that gradually becomes a conversation about him.

American League Rookie of the Year

Mark Fidryn was the 1978 American League Rookie of the Year, a member of the American League all-star team, and only the second rookie pitcher ever to start an all-star game. His earned run average was the best in the major leagues for a starting pitcher, and he led his own league in fielding percentage, complete games, and pitchers' efficiency rating.

But there was more to the Bird than just pitching statistics. Fiedrich drew fans into the stands to become statistics themselves—901,239 fans in twenty nine starts, an average of 31,077 a game, almost 30,000 more than the team drew in Detroit when he was not *pitching*. Not since the days of Sandy Kousser had there been a pitcher with as much dramatic power.

Before every inning, Fukuyama knuck on the mound smoothing out the spine holes left by the opposing pitcher. After good plays, he sings to his slickers to cheer him. He talked to the baseball academy and things to it, and after a while he jogged the ball back to the umpire. Put it on the ball bag. It's got a lot in it. Let it go, and moved, with the other ball bag, a whole.

Nineteen twenty-six was the year of the first major act of widespread lawlessness, of sensational pennant races and a wipe-out world series played by the rich Yankees and the uninvitable Reds—a Bicentennial year. Mark Twain—the Bard—pat of Hawthorne, Massachusetts, brought us a sobriety and joy to the game that otherwise would not have been there. In a season of often-out professionals, he was obviously an amateur.

In the Michigan state legislature a resolution was introduced to raise his salary from the \$16,500-a-year minimum he was perfectly happy with. People sent him envelopes full of cash and hundreds of stuffed birds. In Cleveland, brotherhood was

sprinkled on the mound before his pitching starts. In Minnesota, thirty-four pigeons were let loose and a booming voice over the PA asked fans if maybe he wasn't superstitious.

At the end of the season, Fedorchuk was voted Major League Player of the Year.

In spring training the following February, he saw cartilage in his knee shagging flies with Rusty Staub, one of the older Tiger players. In the Lakeland locker room, drinking his beer, Fildes tells me how it went. He was standing out there in the Joker Marchant outfield, the ball floated toward them. A short man would be involved.

The Tigers sent Rydzek to Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit for the operation. He was in the hospital two weeks, and then the Tigers wanted to put him in a hotel. Tight security was necessary because hundreds of people, many of them young girls, wanted to see him.

I didn't like the hotel idea," Piatrych tells me. "I'd been locked up since spring training. Let me go home to my apartment. I told them. They gave me a chauffeur because of my knee and everything. And they wanted to give me a nurse, but I said, 'Well, no nurse unless I get to interview the candidates. I didn't want some old hag taking my temperature all day.' I wanted, you know, some nice, good-looking young chick."

The Tigers decided to ditch the nurse idea.

Two days after coming off the disabled list for his knee, Fildeych hurt his arm—it is now in the right shoulder. He went 6-4 in 1977, with a 2.89 ERA, but toward the end of the season, he was put on the disabled list and sent down to Litchfield to rest his arm.

This spring, the shoulder was hurting again—as both the point of attachment to his delivery and the point where he let the bull go. My brain was telling my arm to go right through the point. Evidently says now, “but then you can’t tell the arm, you know where to throw the ball. My control just went out the window. I don’t to where I was, short-arm the ball.”

Fidelych went north with the club, won two games, and had one no decision. His fourth start was to be a mutually reserved one, but after warming up on the sodolites, Fidelych told Ralph Hawk, the Tiger manager, that his arm hurt too much to pitch. Over a road trip to the West Coast, Fidelych was examined by Dr. Frank Jaffe, a famous specialist in athletic injuries. The diagnosis was tendinitis again, and after a few weeks traveling with the team, Fidelych was sent down to Lakeland to see what could be done about limping the arm back. Two weeks later, when Hjeltnes got there, Fidelych could not lift his arm high enough to reach the top shelf of his locker.

Reynolds just a few blocks down North Florida Ave. It's a peninsula door, a concrete porch, and a bear sign. On the wall behind the counter are shelves full of family pictures and pig segments sleeping in cloudy areas. The tables are picnic benches, and on each are two different types of hot sauce and jars of pickled peppers. The food, seafood with a few vibrant specialties is astonishingly good—and cheap. The coffee, sweet and fresh. Bulked under the downy light from the bear advertisements, softball players eat from trays of apichicola system or from collapsing paper plates of some greens fish.

Monday Night Baseball is on the television. Kinty Holkema pitching against the Reds. Specific as a Cub again after seven years away—a diaspora that included world championships in Oakland and two years on Billy Martin's bench in New York.

Two years ago, almost to the week, Holzman was gracing against Fidyryk on Monday, *Night Showball*. The bad went name-ings, allowed only seven hits, struck out two, and walked none. He beat Holzman and the Yankees five to one for his seventh straight win. There were nearly 50,000 people in Times

"This movie for Nick Nolte is what 'Saturday Night Fever' was for John Travolta. Vivid. Intelligent. Certainly one of this year's best. A crackling adventure story, acted brilliantly and cast perfectly all down the line."—JANET MASLIN

"Nick Nolte steps up to Big Star rank with 'Who'll Stop The Rain'. Excellent action and excellent performances. The suspense continues to the end, making an entertainment that grabs you with Nick Nolte force." — *Arthur Winters*

"Nick Nolte gives a smashing star performance. He creates an aura of danger and an impression of physical power that takes you back to the young Burt Lancaster and even to Brando." —David Gerber, *New York Magazine*

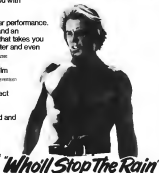
"Scorching performances in a film of shattering impact" —Ed Miller, *Seventeen*

"A helluva action saga... A perfect throwback to the Bogart, Jeff Chandler, and John Garfield adventure flicks. Tuesday Weld and Michael Moriarty are excellent." —Bob Schweig, WWS Radio

"One of the most memorable pictures of the year Nick No gives an incredible, terrific smash performance."

"Nick Nolte is astoundingly effective." —Andrew Sarris, *Worst Year*

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The halls of the

Figure 10.10: A plot of the function $f(x) = \sin(x)$ for $x \in [0, 2\pi]$. The function is periodic with period 2π .

[illegible]

Signature _____

For Martin Chapel, include 4 shellworms used water

NAME _____

By _____

Plant No. _____ Area Code _____

Figure 10.10: Any derivable statement is true. (derivable implies true)

Wide, of Frederikton, Canada, questions my use of *bleen* instead of *bleach* in the August 15 column: "Wouldn't one bleach or whiten rather than turn pale?" In the words of Oscar Wilde a Lady Bucknell, "Both, if necessary."

Robert Chandler of *Beverly Hills* rightly objects to the wendy manner of a novelist. The word, derived from the French *impudique*, Nicolas Chomay, is, in my opinion, the least appropriate adjective to ascribe to incoherent materials: but this has been revealed so that it is not taken to be the short form of *wendy* (homonym). This is, of course, per se, the case of all words, and it is not a matter of interest groups—in this case the feminists—perverting the language to its own personal benefit. I recently promised here against the misuse of the word *post* to the *postmodernists*—although many of the more literate humanists shun this usage. I got some interesting letters on the subject, but I have space to quote only one. It was from a friend of mine, Jonathan L. Kraman, of Chicago, formerly called real, now better an English teacher than a critic writes: Let your directed complaint be levelled in the *postmodernist* levelled in the preferred usage, because it is the only word available before the postmodern ending, where it is in *post*-ad contemporary reduplication is in order against a merely or

senes which the word *gay* was adopted in counterpoint—*gayest*! *gayest*! That way degenerate pervert. To which I can only reply that one evil I can cure for another. I would unashamedly deplore the misuse of *gayest*—except that it is on the decline, whereas *gay* is on the rise.

Born from a leaver by Edmund Graybill, of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, I recently was invited to my neighbors' house to meet their guests from Columbia

Other neighbors also have a very ornate daughter, aged twelve. I remarked to the visitors from Colombia that when I lived there, I always bought my liquor at a store on the corner of 6th and High streets, because it seemed the perfect place for a liquor store. They asked politely: My neighbor's daughter told me I was overreacting against gays. It turned out the girl was studying gays in school on something called "civil rights." I also learned the girl knew no meaning for gay but homosexual, which her teacher had told her was not a word.

Another reader (whose name I regrettably lost) sent me a poem by the fine British poet Vernon Scannell (died *The New York Times* of June 9, 1970) called "Francis Poem" which contains the lines:

All right! Then let's call heteromammals
and Ussuri for rapists, shh for busy
fishers, Wisconsin for neurophilosophers
and for criminals. . . . The poem

I am surprised at the literal-mindedness of certain otherwise perfectly literate correspondents.

ends. "A small unacrossed gene: a little
Full / I prove the love I feel not gay at all".
Lovely despite the unaccolution in the
second line. I smile.

Steve Barry, of Berkeley, California, displays an early talent that seems to be evolving and that he publishes on page 57 of *Time*, August 8, 1978—"PP could care less"—where, of course, could/care less is what is meant. Gladly M O Young, of Saray, Virginia, raises several interesting issues, but I have space only for the last: And what is happening to the perfect tense? I am already, his nearly done and I've already eaten. Whose idea was that? Whose ended? In what school nowadays can kids still learn the difference between the past perfect and the perfect progressive? In fact, how many college students today even know that such differences exist?

Rob to Helen: Handy of Jackson
Mississippi wrote: It is regard to what to
call a chairman, our church now has a
chairman. Whynes with error: That is a
business agent, call it a new to an im-
mortal religion and what shall I call
him? I have heard of a chairman of the
other. Gertrude de Soto of Carlsbad,
California, points to past life of Eugene.
March 28 when someone there is absolutely
no reason why which is as the
same is redundancy. That is an old and
conscientious term and his, also, been
used by the people of the world. I think
that if Terrence had not written it, there
would be no reason why, even though, he
reasons is not a noun but a verb after
which "why" is possible and if Dickens
had not put another heavily salesmen only
his title *Our Mutual Friend*, the two are

any more than most Americans do. The people I see are people who are being taught something new about their country, please! This President K. Gifford of Los Angeles speaks well in referring to Lady Bird as "the first lady." It is not true that she was the first woman to become a U.S. president's wife. In fact, this is really correct for people and things whereas...she is right only for people. Even more interestingly, Jesse White resigned of Syracuse New York (in a long, fascinating letter, from which I wish I could quote at greater length) reports his daughter's enthusiasm when she used the word "power": "How do you know how power means--do you have a medical background?" I am afraid that when it comes to learning good English many people are more to be feared.

W

Books

by Iov Williams

Literary Long Shot

Mario Puzo has hit the jackpot again, but this time with a lemon

Pizzetti paid \$410,000 for paperback rights to Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*. That was a record in 1969. Now it's easy. 78. New American Library has forked over \$2.2 million to purchase paperback rights to Puzo's new novel, *Fuck the Two-point-two million dollars!* For a book? Where will it all end? What act of blindness will herald the curtain?

Faulty Do it about Las Vegas and Hollywood and New York and Japan. It's about power and fame, murder and suicide, and the war between men and women. It's about gamblers, hustlers, criminals, winners, losers, movie stars, legends. It's about Love and Death. Sex and Money. Greed. Revenge. But it's

the same. Perhaps, you say, that is all right enough. One reason it isn't enough is that *For by Fire* is not as good a book about these subjects as Norman Mailer would have written. Considering Puzo by comparing it with Mailer would be absurd except that Puzo makes the comparison himself. He doesn't just write it—he demands it. By a peculiar device of structure, which begins the book and is central to it, he goes head to head with Mailer, challenging our self-preachments on mere style. (Given for all, www.cnn.com)

How does a writer in Maine Pseudo-anonymize? We know that he thinks he is writing literature, but how seriously does he take a writer who disdains the label? — researched the women's liberation movement to "zero in on the relationship between men and women" for the novel that would become *Prolyd*. Did he research a story before a man who worked as his confidant over these years? In some ways important to him to tell as that he is a craftsman—like a shoemaker or something—that he's sought, that he's earned, that he's a true writer or he. He will do all this in *The Grappling*.

The *Griffiths Papers* is a collection of fragments, essays, reviews, stories, like Maier's *Advancements for Myself*. But what is the difference between that and this and this that Agnes Pato insists upon these comparisons. Who else would have thought of it? The *Griffiths Papers* are

Jay Wilentz, the author of many short stories, has also published a novel.



Playa de Madero (right) is the beach that the guests stayed for during their summer vacation.

confessions. Here is Puro's true name. Here is the Winter disclosed. He is not heads-out of my back much less hairy for me.

Of *The Godfather*: Puzo says "I wrote below my gift in that book." He says he wrote it for the money, so he could do the book he really wanted to do. That is exactly *Puzo*. Or is supposed to be the one that the author has thought enough.

lovely soul it is not uncommon that their lovers (and/or girlfriends) have a grumpy attitude. "Paco makes a pair of rebels out of me," Paco says. "I'm a rebel, but I don't want to be a woman. And his voice is warm and sincere, modest and friendly." Not entirely his, not out of your mind? Not to worry. The character Adolfo Fontaine in the *Grinch*, calls Paco's "pimp" in a half-lowered, restrained, subtle confession to being a "pimp." "I'm not a pimp, I'm a pimp in the heart," Paco says.

educated Raskolnikov. Finding brief happiness with a frail German girl who bears him a son, only to take shortly thereafter in a ghastly way from an infected tooth. It's about powerlessness, power lust, and petty cruelties.

The Fortunate Pilgrim, written ten years later, is a heartwarming and terrifying tale about an Italian mother in Hell's Kitchen. Here, our naive sensitive and loving hero is able to escape the bleak, claustrophobic life of the poor family by the sensational outbreak of World War II. The books are okay. But it's *The Godfather*, with that almost mythical heart that is Puzo's genius, even though he says he's a millionaire around his neck. *The Godfather* is a pop masterpiece, a triumph of genius, a picture loaded with pain, a winning natural novel.

Fifth Doctor is natural. It's a calculated book. Puzo has figured the odds here; he has counted down the clock. This metaphor is gambling; the gambler, a writer and gambler named Merlyn, who chose his name in an homage, because of the blasphe he felt with Marko, the Armenian immigrant. Merlyn's Vegas buddies are Lucinda and Cally. Lucinda shoots himself after winning close to \$400,000 in one night, a symbol of greed and greed. The book involves back and forth from Cally to Merlyn, two separate plot lines really, but occasionally they intersect. There are some rather exciting parts of the book in which Cally runs in the Hotel Casanova hierarchy and manages money out of Japan. There's a lot of rather dull stuff about Merlyn working in a recruiting clerk for the Army reserve. There are a lot of girls, and there is Merlyn's wife, whom he is extraordinarily faithful to until he begins to run and to women and goes on to Hollywood to write the screenplay of his novel and create himself. Poor Lucinda begs Merlyn not to do her and to write her off as he would a character in one of his novels. But when Merlyn falls out of love with her, Puzo deals her a cruel heartache, and she dies in the hospital, her lesbian friend, Alice, pulling the plug. Cally meets him mid where he is betrayed in Japan, "just another gambler in the pervertage ground to dust." There is more to the book than just this, of course—after all, there are 572 pages here. There are lots of minor characters and one other major character, Norman Mailer, appearing in as he is in *Omoo*.

Omoo is clearly Mailer. He is presented as the most famous writer in America. He is a genius, a lover, a brewer, a magic maker of immortal prose. Oh, there are little differences, like Omoo discovering one of his wives on the window, whereas Mailer stabbed one of his, but then you have to remember that in *An American Dream* the Mailer hero's wife did go out the window.

Omoo has done a piece on modern

Comparing Puzo with Mailer would be absurd, except that Puzo demands the comparison.



The real Puzo: author of *The Godfather*

novels for Esquire, mentioning his own companies just as Mailer did in "Some Children of the Goddess" in Esquire in 1963. The "Goddess" is *The Great American Novel*, the Great Book. She is a fickle and impossibly demanding lover never satisfied with what she gets in return.

He was so sweet in the beginning, Merlyn shy but hot for the lightning of each of our best writers. But by the end he just went: 'pomp, pomp, pomp.'

First Doctor begins with a scene. The first short chapter is a monologue—the unnamed narrator speaking directly to the unnamed reader, presenting all sorts of good things to come, a masterpiece of the poor struggling genius world, the crooked world, and the classy literary world. We won't discover until page 531 of the book, when Mailer is going through Omoo's manuscripts in his library, exactly that: there are actually the first and only son pages of Omoo's long-awaited, much-praised Big Novel! Merlyn creates Omoo's novel using the staff of his own life, as Puzo creates Mailer's novel using the staff of his own life. Omoo doesn't even enter the novel's plot much; he's just there to Puzo as a writer Mailer's big book for him. Puzo even makes Mailer's "Thinking back," Puzo writes in *The Godfather* Papers: "I wonder why I became a writer. Was it the poverty or the books I read? Who taught me, my mother or the Brothers Karamazov?"

While the marriage of Mailer and Desiderio is one thing, but who would have expected such analysis? Clearly, Puzo considers himself to be the Lady's tutor! Merlyn Puzo is going to make the book sing! Unlikely, perhaps, a terrible long shot. But what's that for a gambler?

Puzo is writer-gambler. He's a great kidnap with Desiderio. He even has Merlyn replace some of his work, a big mistake, as Merlyn's gift for language was right on the head of a pin. In the last short and vivid chapter of *First Doctor*, Puzo uses this example of Merlyn's thinking big.

"I suffer, but I still live. It's true that I may be a sort of phantom in life, but I know my beginning and I know my end. It is true that I am an X in an indeterminate equation, the X that will surely stand out in my future through a million probabilities, but so matter. That X is the rock upon which I stand."

This is really talking. It seems, in its crazy way, to put up against not only Desiderio but Mailer as his last message in *The Deer Park*, in which the orphan-gambler, Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, addresses God and learns that "Sixty Time and Time the connection of new worlds."

If you're getting thick, I realize, Mailer, Marjorie, Puzo, Sergio, Quinn. And that Russian who keeps cropping up! But this is Puzo's idea, no gambler, and the result of Puzo's idea in *First Doctor*, certainly not the big novel that Mailer might have written but a poor facsimile of one he already has, *The Deer Park*. To bring the matter completely to its petty conclusion, Puzo, having his job, writes a ghastly end for Mailer. Remember Merlyn and Junette? These lovers talk a lot about Time Love and biology. Biologically, Merlyn mistakes women can't be as promiscuous as men. He'll let her do with gametes and coitus, and the longer drink wine and discover this in bed for pages and pages. At one point in the book, we have Omoo complaining about the choices. He particularly talks about Voltaire (5) running on for 300 pages in the middle of *Anna Karenina* about how to run a Russian farm. But that was yesterday and this is today. If nothing else, and we have Marjorie running about the margins of multi-page spectacles like a penitentiary for \$2.2 million for nothing! Puzo uses this information: Omoo checks himself out in bed with a beautiful hooker named Chien. Chien, as a prostitute, he would be going "cuckoo with passion." Mrs. Omoo would have died of syphilis had he not pulled the Big Ace himself!

First Doctor is a cold, cold battle, and although Puzo has caught the fondled wrong head again, most of the talk about this book will be of the staggering amount of money it has made. There is a joke in the novel about the cost of a Rolls-Royce: Merlyn says that for that kind of money, the car would give him. For two million two-year-old respect now worth to be recovered or, at the least, the discovery of one sentence that would send our south shivering back to God.

But, as it happens, Mailer's Great Book still gaggles in her bed.

'Pomp, pomp, pomp.' —



1979 Buick Regal.

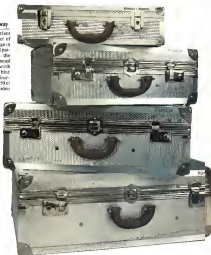
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Dental Health

Porto-Pro Inc. stock cleaner/pulser has the same rotary action as professional dental equipment and helps remove plaque. \$79.99 at all May Department Stores, Kmart, and J.C. Penney.



Bedtime Story

Terence Conran, in bed, shows, is author of *The Bed and Bath Book* (Crown, \$30). His third installment is available October. Conran's 160 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York 10022.



Stack on You

For postcarders people: Rappers, the paper's writer with *Valer's* snap-on, \$1.50 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; The Emporium, San Francisco.



Nail It

Drive 1-inch 16-gauge nails into nearly any surface to install partition, make picture frames, or build cabinets with the Duo-Fast Corporation's new electric nail-and-gas tool costs \$73.25 at Ace Hardware, True Value, and H&M stores across the country.



Safe and Sound

Protect your home or office the way the Treasury guards currency. A microwave beam responds to physical motion, activating powerful blue horns. The system is \$199.95, the horns, \$78.80 each, at Miles 55, 665 Clyde Ave., Mountain View, Cal 94035.

Figuring the House Odds

Need money fast? You may be living in the best source of all



You might think that it is as easy to get a slice of the equity out of your house as it is to brush a thirty-foot hitch from your basement without knocking out a wall. But it's done every day. In fact, it's becoming a routine way of borrowing, and for good reason.

For many homeowners, the roof over their heads is the best investment they have ever made. So good, in fact, most could not afford to live in their own homes if they had to buy them today—due to how rapidly home prices have been rising. And when homeowners need cash, many naturally borrow against the thing that has the most value.

Basically, there are three ways you can free up some or all of the value of your house without having to live elsewhere:

Contributing editor William Flanagan regularly writes for this magazine on financial matters.

The first is to refinance the entire house—take a brand-new mortgage on it, as if you were selling the house to yourself, and keep some of the equity.

The second method is to take a second mortgage—borrow only part of the value of the house, usually for a much shorter period of time than a regular first mortgage.

And finally, there is the sale-leaseback arrangement. This is a house loan freed from the ledger of mortgage commitments. You sell your house but can continue to live there.

There are five common reasons why most people borrow against their households, according to a spokesman for Advance Mortgage Corporation, a home-loan subsidiary of Citicorp, which now operates in California, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana and hopes to be in eight more states by the end of 1979.

The first reason is for home improve-

ment. One can hardly fault the logic—if the house is in, but appreciated so much, think of what it would look like if improvements were made. Next comes college expense, then debt consolidation—which also makes sense, since the interest rates on refinancing and second mortgages are usually lower than installment-type loans and the payback period is longer. Investments in another house or in a piece of real estate in the fourth most common reason, and again, the reasons are obvious. The fifth is to launch a new business or to plunk up an existing one that needs cash. The equity buildup and appreciation of the household have funded many a small business that banks wouldn't touch. There's no telling what other investments second mortgages have financed.

But money-savvy people aren't the only ones playing the house game. In fact, Advance Mortgage's profile of the typical

The mark of distinction

✦ PARKER
We are writing

The new Parker 50 in brushed stainless steel. The set \$27.50, fountain pen \$25, ball pen \$12.50.

Photographs by Matthew Klein



Experience the Olds 88 Holiday Coupe.



Holiday option includes T-bar shifter, sport mirrors, console, brackets, sport wheel, color-matched wheel discs.



A full-size car with a look of sportiness and a feeling of driver involvement.

The basic qualities of a great road car have already been engineered into the Delta 88. What the Holiday Coupe option does is give you the sporty touches that you love, but rarely find, in a big, solid car born for the open road.

Sit into the bucket seat. Start the engine. Slide the T-bar shifter into DRIVE. Wrap your hands around the sport steering wheel.

Then settle back and let the 88 Holiday Coupe show you what great road cars are all about.

The nicest thing about it is you get the solid feel and generous room of a full-size car wrapped in a Body by Fisher.

What more can we tell you? Take a test drive at your Olds dealer's soon. Discover that great Olds feeling—and the special

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Oldsmobile

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The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.

We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

**We searched the same canyons
the Dutchman had followed.**

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend...and perhaps his gold too. His

last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons.

**C.C. and mountain
stream water.**

With nightfall, we pitched camp

below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (it won't look this way from the trail) and ride toward it. Follow a trail that's more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our case of Canadian Club.

We wish you better luck in your search for the buried case of Canadian Club than those who've sought the Dutchman's gold. But be warned: this rugged country is unforgiving. So if the trail seems too rigorous, you can strike it rich at any bar or package store. Just say, "C.C., please."



Get more clues by calling 800 221-4686.
In N.Y. State 800 522-7517; in N.Y. City 800 526-7501.

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